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APRIL 14, 1972

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CAN WE DO WITHOUT THE POOR?
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ACADEMIC FREEDOM IN NEW JERSEY, OR, THE COLONELS WILL GET YOU IF YOU WATCH

IS BERLIN OUR EUROPEAN
TAIWAN?
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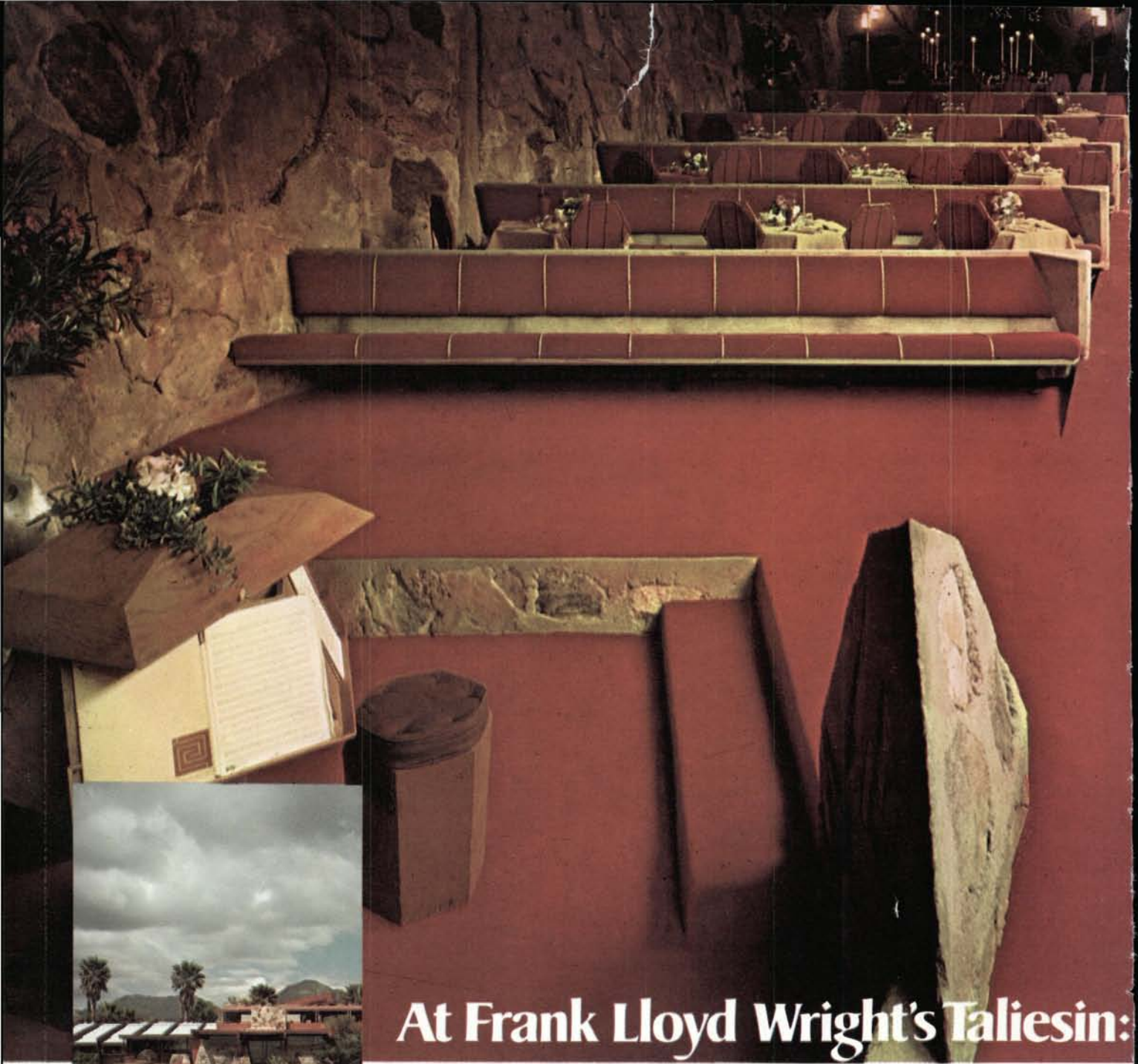

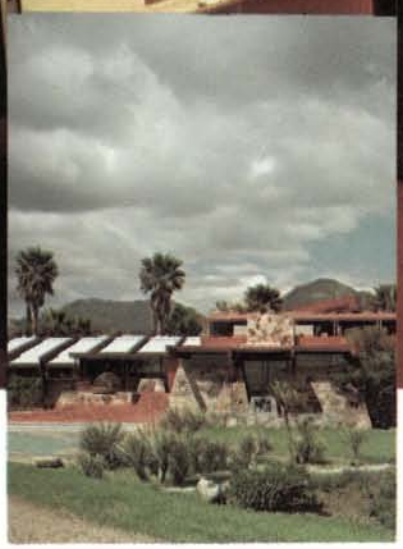

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*Famed French anti-Communist searches out the three plagues that could destroy our civilization (even before the Communists get a chance to)*

# HIPPIES, DRUGS AND PROMISCUITY

**by Suzanne Labin**

**Translated by Stephanie Winston. Complete with Index.**

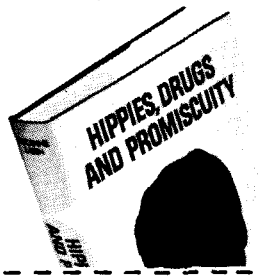
**A Selection of the Conservative Book Club.**

**HERE IS CONSCIOUSNESS THREE—not as fantasy, but as ugly reality.** In a fastmoving, novelistic style famed French writer Suzanne Labin takes you on a tour of the hippie underworld — the hell that is gobbling up the children of Liberals . . . yes, and conservatives too. We see their drugs, clothes, hygienic habits (or lack of them), sexual proclivities and amusements; we hear their speech, their debilitating philosophy, their corrosive hatred of all that is decent, their radical politics.

We witness case history after case history: now poignant, now horrifying. We learn just what motivates seemingly intelligent people to become hippies. And we are there for the tragic climax: the wreckage of broken lives.

One chapter, "A Kaleidoscope of Drugs," is a primer for worried parents on what's probably for sale in the local schoolyard. It meticulously describes all the drugs now in use, spells out their long- and short-term effects. You learn which of these poisons will kill, which destroy the character and the mind.

At the end, Mme. Labin fashions an eloquent plea calling the young to step back from the abyss . . . before it's too late. This firm yet sympathetic message would profit every young person in America. And it is a must for parents, clergymen, teachers, physicians, counselors — anyone who works with young people. If there is a young person in your life, *please* — give this book a careful reading.




***Suzanne Labin penetrates the underworld of hippies, drugs and promiscuity***

- American hippies — drug-crazed Mansons or gentle flower children?
- Why marijuana is *much* more destructive than alcohol
- Depraved hippie haunts on Sunset Strip
- Drug escalation — why it really happens (in spite of what the Liberals tell us)
- The sinister meaning of psychedelic clothes and decorations
- The hippie church where couples copulate on a giant cross
- Why drug-soaked hippies love intense colors
- Porno merchants and hippies — why they go together
- Vestments of protest — the meaning of the weird clothes your child may be wearing
- Hippie capitalists — more rapacious than robber barons
- Public fornication — how widespread is it?
- Why there are so few black hippies
- Drugs and grimy Leftism — a connection?
- Stoned schooldays
- Teeny-bopper drug-pushers
- Drugs as "sacraments"
- Homosexual prostitution in Greenwich Village
- Begging: did you raise your child for this?
- The four kinds of hippies
- The degenerate League for Sexual Freedom
- Sinister Japanese hippies who call themselves Zeros
- Be-ins, smoke-ins, love-ins
- Free love and free syphilis
- New hippie goals: incest and child molesting
- "Omnisexuality" — the hippie answer to marriage
- Obscenity — the new virtue
- Virginity — the new sin
- Communism and the hippies
- The bitter anti-Americanism of the underground press
- Frightening alliance of Leftist hippies and brutal motorcycle gangs
- Perversion for sale: classified ads in underground newspapers
- Why most hippies are bored most of the time — and what this can lead to
- Literary gurus: your child may be in trouble if he admires one of them
- Devil worship among the hippies
- Sexual fascism in hippie communes
- The media — why they romanticize the raunchiest of the young
- Young girls in hippieland — why they fall apart so much faster than the boys
- The high priest of LSD — facts about his background you won't read in the *New York Times*
- Why drug use must be stamped out if our civilization is to survive
- Softheaded American parents who support their children in drug-infested Asian cities
- Tantric Love — an old Asian obsession turned into a new hippie indecency
- The Methodist parish whose special mission is to homosexuals — not to save but to encourage them
- Intimate link between sexual degeneracy and Leftism
- Surprising similarities between Charlie Manson and an infamous 12th-century assassin
- Dr. HIPpocrates — a Leftist Ann Landers who stresses the vice in "advice"
- British Skinheads — what they do about hippies
- Pacifists who want to kill the "pigs"
- Why hippies turn to long-exploded superstitions
- Jerry Rubin — why this monster has appeal for so many
- Sexual brutalization in the kennels of hippiedom
- Why hippies, like all subversives, work to undermine the family

**A WORD OF CAUTION...**

When discussing the plagues of promiscuity, perversion and pornography, Suzanne Labin is necessarily graphic in her descriptions and examples. So, while most of **Hippies, Drugs and Promiscuity** is suitable and indeed imperative reading for anyone, certain sections should be restricted to mature readers.

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# NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XXIV No. 14 APRIL 14, 1972

## IN THIS ISSUE . . .

**A. Lawrence Chickering,** a lawyer and long-time friend of *NR*, has been working in the California Office of Economic Opportunity for about a year, and he has made some remarkable discoveries. Did you know that the War on Poverty, though officially declared, and though funded to the tune of $10 billion, just didn't happen? Did you know that its only demonstrable accomplishment was to set up a method by which black people are rewarded for hostility to white people? If you're looking for racism and colonialism, try the OEO. . . . **Curtis Cate** reads the fine print on those "historic accords" which provided Willy Brandt's claim to the Nobel Peace Prize. . . . **Pierre Szamek** is about as distinguished an anthropologist as it is possible to come by, and he here reports on a recent expedition he made into the land of the academic-freedom lovers. You could expect more civilized treatment, he suspects, if you fell into the hands of those Stone-Age hunters on which he is a recognized authority. . . . *NR* senior editor **Jeffrey Hart,** who likes John Aldridge's new collection of critical essays, is a Professor of English at Dartmouth and has just been appointed to the National Council of the Endowment for the Humanities. . . . **D. Keith Mano** is 31 years old, and is, many think, not only among the best young American novelists but now the best one, period. His fifth is now out, *The Proselytizer.*—J.H.

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*Contributors*

Aram Bakshian Jr. ☐ C. D. Batchelor ☐ Ruth Berenson ☐ Ronald Berman ☐ Colm Brogan David Brudnoy ☐ John R. Coyne Jr. ☐ John Chamberlain ☐ Richmond Crinkley Anthony R. Dolan ☐ Charles Foley ☐ Neal Freeman ☐ Max Geltman ☐ Henry Hazlitt John Kiley ☐ Suzanne La Follette ☐ Sir Arnold Lunn ☐ Vincent Miller ☐ Gerhart Niemeyer Daniel Oliver ☐ Stefan T. Possony ☐ William F. Rickenbacker ☐ Morrie Ryskind William S. Schlamm ☐ Tibor Szamuely ☐ Alec Waugh ☐ Auberon Waugh ☐ Peter P. Witonski Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

*Foreign Contributors*

Anthony Lejeune *London* ☐ E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn *Munich* ☐ Elspeth Huxley *African Affairs* Taki Theodoracopulos *Athens* ☐ Donald Coxe *Guelph, Ontario*

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn. © National Review, Inc. 1972.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Address all subscription mail, orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Manager, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

RATES: *$20.00 a year ($12.00 for the 44-page issues, and $8.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $1.00 for Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.*

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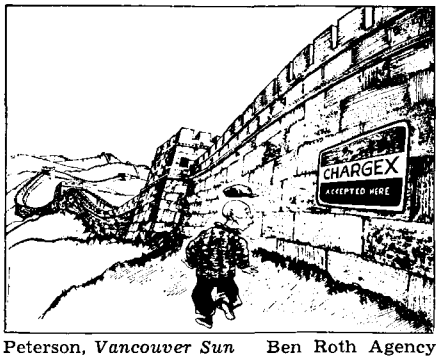
# FOR THE RECORD

■ Extrapolating from the various campaign disclosures made by Democratic candidates thus far, it seems certain that outlay among them will top **$25 million** before they get to Miami Beach. . . . Sen. **Ted Kennedy** was the only one of the national candidates to file an affidavit withdrawing his name from the Maryland primary May 16. . . . **Hartke**, in pulling out, threw his support to **Humphrey**, said he had never disagreed with Humphrey on anything but Vietnam and that now Hubert was on the right track there. . . . Humphrey incidentally is top among Democrats in new voting ratings issued by **Ripon Society**: He got 70 per cent to **George McGovern**'s 63 per cent. **Muskie** was 58 per cent, **Jackson** 48 per cent. . . . **Wallace** supporters delighted that Texas Democrats will put busing referendum on their May 6 primary ballot: Could mean another big Wallace win.

■ Party switch by **Ogden Reid** eliminates one of leading Republican liberal congressmen; appointment of **F. Bradford Morse** (R., Mass.) to **Ralph Bunche**'s job at UN eliminates another. Morse started his congressional career as conservative, moved left very fast, ended up getting second highest rating for House Republicans given by *Ripon Forum*, along with Reid—rating of 94 per cent. . . . Also resigning from GOP, Reid's wife **Mary Louise** who had been until last week the President of the Republican Congressional Wives, representing three hundred women. . . . ADA Chairman **Allard Lowenstein**, who started the ditch-LBJ campaign in '64, has made it official. He will run for Congress against New York Democratic Rep. **John Rooney**. . . . But controversial FCC Commissioner **Nicholas Johnson**, after looking the field over, decided not to run against Iowa Sen. **Jack Miller** because a) he would have to raise over a million bucks to do so and b) (get this) "just think of the kind of appointment President Nixon would likely make to fill my position." Johnson's term runs until July 1973. . . . Latest **Harris** shows **Spiro Agnew** more popular with Republican voters, 49 per cent of whom would like to see him on the ticket again this year, as against 17 per cent for **Connally**, 14 for **Reagan**, 6 for **Rockefeller**, 5 for Sen. **Edward Brooke**.

■ The Russians and Chinese are at it again. When the Soviet press played up **Chiang Kai-shek**'s re-election favorably




Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

—a somewhat astonishing development—the New China News Agency charged that: "[the] Soviet revisionist leading clique has made a new provocation against the Chinese people by lauding Chiang Kai-shek more loudly than ever." . . . Russian movie screens meanwhile are filled with documentary on China which the weekly *Literary Gazette* describes as "a movie defending the Chinese people from their vile enemies—the Maoists." . . . Australian journalist **Ross Terrill**, in his new book, reports that Chinese authorities had considered a year ago inviting two Democratic senators—Teddy Kennedy and George McGovern—to Peking but dropped the idea when ping-pong diplomacy started to bear fruit. They were just as glad, says Terrill, because the officials told him they preferred "Republicans to Democrats [because the Democrats] have been very keen on collusion with Moscow." . . . Twelve Russian Jewish refugees in Tel Aviv have called on U.S. Ambassador **Walworth Barbour** and urged the United States to continue the funding of **Radio Liberty** because if it closes down it will mean that "many people in Russia will lose their source of free and objective information from the West."

■ Sen. **Fulbright**, **John Lindsay** and Teddy Kennedy were outraged when the State Department refused to give four Cuban film directors permission to visit the United States for the first U.S. Festival of Cuban Films which, said Fulbright, was being put on by a "nonprofit media organization." Fulbright didn't mention that **Michael Myerson**, the coordinator of the Festival, is a member of the Communist Party of New York and headed the U.S. delegation to the Communist World Youth Festival in Helsinki in 1962. . . . **Robert McAfee**, the farmer who put up **Angela Davis**' bail, has applied for formal membership in the Communist Party. He is selling his dairy herd in order to hit the college lecture circuit. . . . It's award time on the Left: the ADA Freedom Award this year goes to **Daniel Ellsberg**. . . . Princeton's prestigious Woodrow Wilson Award has gone to **Ralph Nader**, the youngest man ever to get it. . . . And one of Sweden's largest magazines, *Femina*, has named Angela Davis its Woman of the Year. (Former winners: **Bernadette Devlin** and Mrs. **Coretta King**.)

■ Ms. **Wilma Scott Heide**, President of the National Organization for Women (**Betty Freidan**'s NOW) has announced the termination of her twenty-year marriage thus: "My husband and I are not renewing our option this year by mutual consent."



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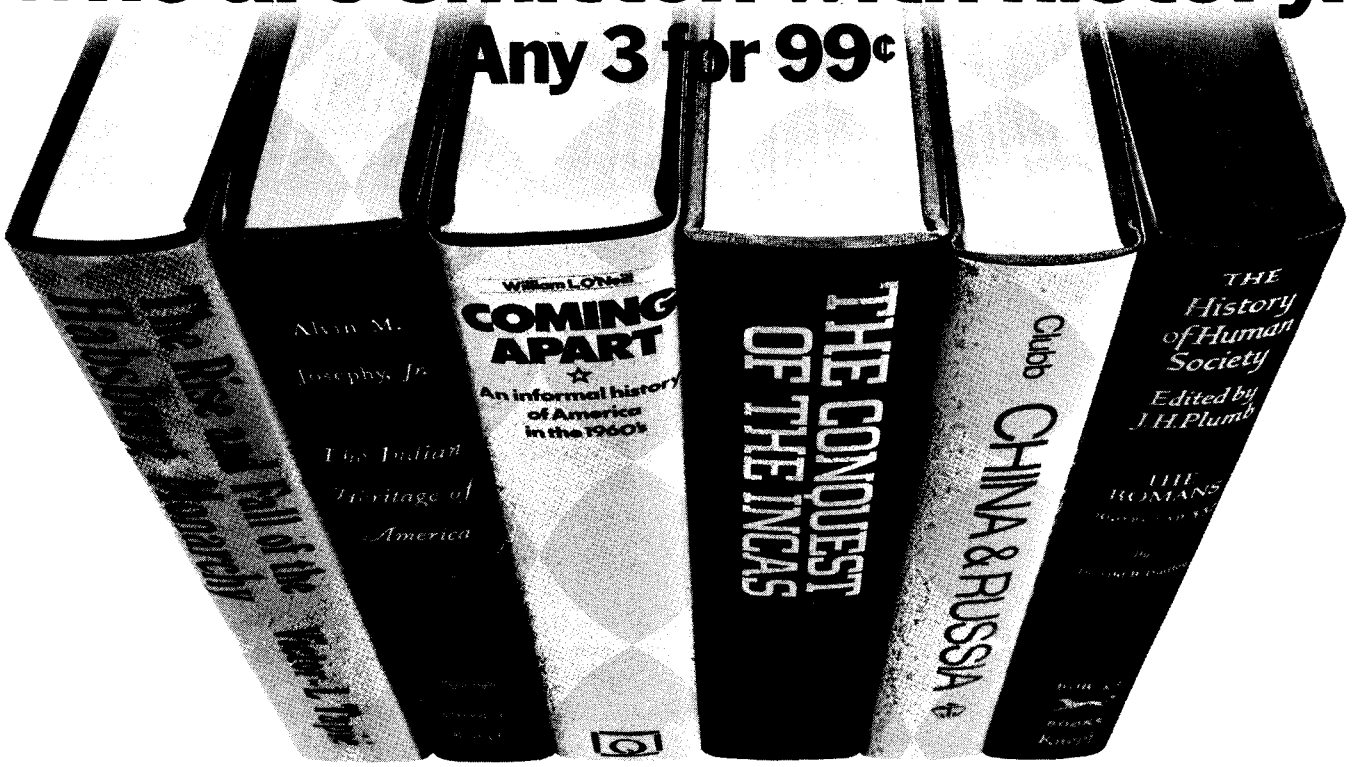
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# LETTERS

### Kilpo and the Candidates

I have decided that it is worth suffering through a Presidential election every four years, just for the pleasure of reading James Jackson Kilpatrick's series of articles on the candidates. "George McGovern, Prairie Preacher" [Feb. 18] and "Scoop Jackson—The Only Candidate Who" [Mar. 17] were both marvelous. And how wonderful to know that, with this year's huge field of candidates, there will be lots more coming up!

*Duluth, Minn.* MARY JOHNSON

Is a nobody like George McWho really worth seven pages of *NR*, and a big chunk of Mr. Kilpatrick's time? Talk about breaking a butterfly on the wheel!

*Whittier, Calif.* BETTY HENDERSON

As an habitual and admiring reader of James J. Kilpatrick, I appreciate his penetrating and pertinent comments.

But in "George McGovern, Prairie Preacher," he remarks that the percentage of Democratic voters choosing the senator has increased from two to six, which means, according to Kilpatrick, ". . . he has gained by at least 300 per cent."

Alhough there is a threefold difference between two and six, is it not a 200 per cent increase?

Perhaps it is attributable to literary license or hyperbole, but the practice of adding two zeros to the multiplier to express percentage of gain seems to have become a common error.

*Athens, Ga.* R. A. HUEBNER

After enjoying James Kilpatrick's "George McGovern," I'm convinced he could write excitingly, wittily and informatively on any subject—say, "The Recurrence of Brown Grass Patterns in the Environs of Secaucus."

Thanks for so many brilliant articles like this one.

*Arlington, Va.* HERBERT O'DONNELL

### Rodman and Cuba

As a Cuban exile I must protest Selden Rodman's Herbert Matthews-like approach to Latin American problems ["The Open Question," Feb. 18]. Specifically, I object to his inaccurate view of pre-Castro Cuba as a country controlled by an oligarchy that alone benefited from a superior GNP. The whole point is that Cuba had a large and expanding middle class, and that everyone, save for the Communists, fought against Batista for political and not for social or economic reasons. The productive vigor of the Cuban middle class is obvious to anyone who has bothered to visit the places where the Cubans have settled, in and out of the U.S. Many of us come from families of self-made men, men of initiative, vision and thrift, who have had to generate their well-being twice in their lifetimes.

CARLOS EUGENIO MENENDEZ M.D.
*Englewood, N.J.*

### Asian Reports

Having lived many years of my adult life in Southeast Asia, I am always interested in write-ups about the area.

The articles in your March 3 issue by Alan Reynolds ["A Reader's Guide to Visitors' Reports"] and by Karl A. Wittfogel ["How Happy Are the Peasants?"] told it as it has always been represented to me by people I trust, who have had personal contacts in China over the years.

Since my return to this country in 1966 after five years in Singapore, these are the most accurate articles that have come to my attention.

*Orleans, Mass.* H. BENNETT WHIPPLE

Aye! and what sort of a Scottish laddie is James Reston to use Scotch as an adjective to Calvinist? [Cf. "Veni, Vidi, Victus," by Wm. F. Buckley Jr., Mar. 17.] Any *good* Scot knows that Calvinism frowned on the wee drink, and any real, bona-fide Scot knows that in reference to the nationality only Scot or Scottish is used. Scots are people; Scotch is a drink.

But, as in so much of his reportage, James Reston is incorrect *again*.

*Bellport, N.Y.* PEGGY C. SUYDAM

### No Real Dilemma

Your comments about "systemic" strikes ["The Week," Feb. 18] confirm a fear that we have had for some time: that conservatives are unwittingly aiding the spreading of liberalism by failing to challenge the basic premises of the liberal ideology.

By presenting a "real dilemma" between the right to strike and the large losses caused by certain strikes, you implicitly endorse the idea that the needs of large numbers of people constitute a claim on the services of those who are in a position to satisfy those needs. This idea is the (usually) unspoken justification for welfare, confiscatory taxation, and other liberal programs. Ideas have consequences, and, by giving this idea an importance equal to that of the right to

(*Continues on page 420*)


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# THE WEEK

■ From "America's Freshwater Fish," *Boy's Life*, April 1971, as noticed by James Johnson: "Not long after hatching, muskies start devouring other fish, and they never quit eating as long as they live. . . . Muskies grow to lengths of more than six feet. The longer it lives the bigger a muskie grows and—so it seems—the more ill-tempered it becomes. Despite prodigious appetites, a big muskie is cunning and suspicious. Though most members of the pike family do the greater part of their fighting below surface, muskies break from the water. But not all the time, for they also dive to the bottom and sulk."

■ Between 1952 and 1972 federal expenditures for national defense rose from $46 billion to $77 billion (a rise of 66 per cent). During the same period, federal expenditures for Health, Education and Welfare rose from $5 billion to $85 billion (a rise of 1,346 per cent). File, under Military-Industrial Complex.

■ Ah, spring. And the joys of seeking re-election as the incumbent President. While the Democratic candidates are tripping all over themselves and, like strip-poker players, successively revealing all or almost all about their fund-raising activities, the Republicans are taking advantage of the fact that the new campaign financing law doesn't go into effect until April 7. Maurice Stans, chief Republican fund-raiser, is out trying to get a thick lining of wherewithal into the campaign war chest for President Nixon who, unlike many Democrats, has not promised to reveal the names of contributors before he is required to. The Democrats, on the other hand, searching for ways to distinguish themselves from each other have been revealing the names of their contributors many of whom, it turns out, have been contributing to several candidates, unable, no doubt, to distinguish among them.

■ "In its abandonment of outmoded conservative doctrine, the Nixon Administration has moved much more swiftly and thoroughly than did the Eisenhower Administration." (*New York Times* editorial, Jan. 31, 1972.) "That Mr. [Ogden] Reid has decided he can no longer stay in the [Republican] Party is graphic evidence of how far to the right it has drifted under the leadership of President Nixon." (*New York Times* editorial, Mar. 22, 1972.) How's that for tricks?

■ Recently the National Welfare Rights Organization sponsored a "Children's March for Survival" to tell the world how much Nixon doesn't care about the starving. The march took place in Washington and the quote is from the next day's story in the *Washington Post*: "Near the end of the rally, Wiley [Executive Director of NWRO] announced that free food was available at one side of the grounds. Children swarmed toward a truck from which several volunteers began throwing bags of bread. Within moments, many of the children started throwing the bags back at the volunteers, ripping open the loaves and scattering individual pieces of bread about."

■ Conservation groups have asked for lots more time to evaluate the Interior Department's nine-volume study of proposed routes for an Alaskan oil pipeline. The delays so far have raised the cost estimate from $1 billion to $2.5 billion. The urgency of developing Alaska's oil potential has been underscored by new Arab proposals to tax oil producers in the Persian Gulf just about out of business. The Interior Department, like the Pentagon, considers the exploitation of Alaskan oil a strategic as well as an economic necessity.

■ Quite a crisis, that Britain-Malta dustup. For a while there, it looked like NATO would lose, and the Soviet Union would get, a key Mediterranean base. We saw the troops marching out; the media treated us to in-depth articles on Malta's "embattled," "ruggedly independent" Socialist prime minister. In the end, Britain agreed to a rent hike of $11 million, and Dom Mintoff dropped the rugged act. Like we always said, what this world needs is a good $11-million crisis.

■ José Napoléon Duarte, defeated presidential candidate, and his military crony, Colonel Benjamin Mejía, started a coup on Saturday in El Salvador, Central America's littlest country. It failed on Sunday, but there were lots of fireworks and excitement and a nice kidnaping (the president). Messrs. Duarte and Mejía will probably not be around for the inauguration of President-elect Arturo Armando Molina on July 1.

■ Democracy has scored another triumph in Poland, where Communist Party chief Edward Gierek was recently re-elected with 99.8 per cent of the vote. Now that's what we can call a mandate, wouldn't you say? Well, the *New York Times* did, at any rate. In a March 24 editorial ("Plebiscite in Poland") the *Times* concludes: "On the whole, Mr. Gierek did receive the mandate he sought." It was a risky venture, but after

## The Straight Dope

The poppy grows in Turkey;
  In Mexico, there's grass.
Morphine's dispensed in clinics;
  Hicks chew on sassafras.
Elitists swing on cocaine;
  The kids begin on pot,
And Chou's supplying pushers
  With everything he's got.

W. H. VON DREELE



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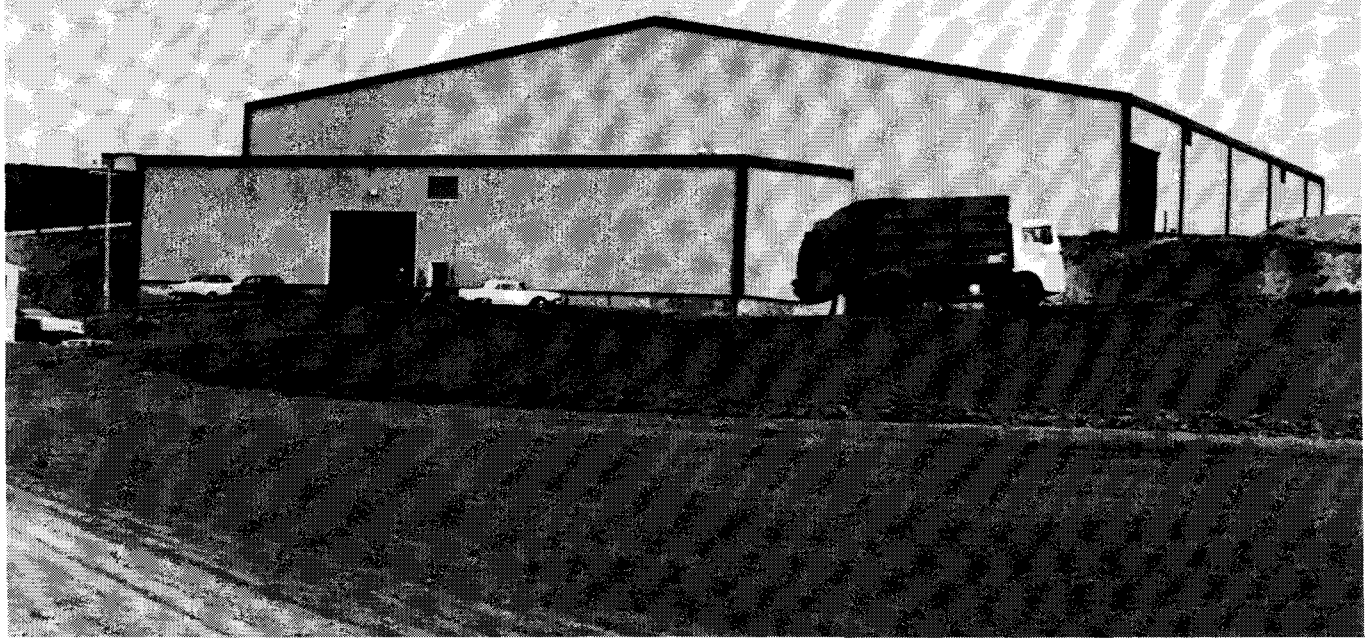
# Palazzo Della Immondizia



## English translation: Palace of Garbage

## Ecological translation: 250,000,000 steel cans recovered a year

In San Francisco garbage collectors call it the Palazzo Della Immondizia. Ecologists call it a solid waste transfer and separation station. In any terms, it is one answer to the country's growing problem of what to do with household refuse.

More than 150 collection trucks an hour dump their loads in it. The garbage is then transferred to larger trucks and taken to a sanitary landfill site in Mountain View, 32 miles away. (San Francisco, surrounded on three sides by water, years ago ran out of places to put its garbage.) In four years, Mountain View will have a 500-acre recreation area, with a golf course, marinas, tennis courts, picnic areas.

By July, the Palazzo Della Immondizia will have in operation a magnetic separator. It will salvage an estimated 250 million steel cans a year, which will be sold to the copper industry to extract copper from low-grade ore.

**Everyone** benefits. San Francisco householders simply throw their used steel cans in their garbage pails. The salvaged cans generate revenue. San Francisco has a place to put its refuse. Mountain View will soon have a new recreation area. Old steel helps produce more new copper.

In San Francisco, garbage is beautiful.

Steel
the recycled material

Tinplate Producers
American Iron and Steel Institute

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## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Agreement by House - Senate conferees on a drug control bill represents a major victory for the Administration and a further development of Nixon-style reorganization of the Executive branch. The bill, which is likely to be approved by Congress, creates a Special Office for Drug Abuse Prevention (SODAP).

Like the Office of Telecommunications Policy, SODAP differs from Cabinet departments and independent agencies in that it will be directly responsible to the White House.

The new office will be budgeted at over $1 billion, will dispense money to state drug control programs, establish and fund research programs, and support a number of community mental health centers. It will be a popular election-year baby for the White House to have fathered and poses only one problem: Where, around 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, will another Presidential agency find office space?

■ The Administration is working quietly to avert a summer brownout over much of the nation. Power shortages will be more of a problem this summer than last because of an increasing demand for power. The Administration's solution is to get Congress to permit a number of nuclear power plants to begin operation before they have been given the environmental seal of approval.

Democrats have avoided taking a stand on the proposed go-ahead for nuclear power plants. The Presidential candidates are wary; they fear Democrats may be blamed for opposing the only visible solution to a crisis that could affect millions of people.

Enthusiasm for the proposal on both sides of the aisle is low, however, and the Administration may not push very hard for the bill. On the other hand, if most congressmen seem disposed to go along, any Democratic fight will be pro forma. Said one weary congressional liaison man: "Everybody's tired. The Democrats don't even have much energy about Kleindienst any more."

■ Alabama Senator John Sparkman, Chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, may get heavy financial support from the banking industry in his bid for re-election. The 72-year-old Democrat faces a renomination fight with a little-known state senator who is expected to make Sparkman's age an issue, and an election fight with former Postmaster General Winton Blount, the likely GOP nominee.

In 1966 Sparkman's predecessor as Banking Chairman A. Willis Robertson (D., Va.) got substantial banking funds in his unsuccessful fight against William Spong. Sparkman, also up for re-election that year, received some funds from groups understandably worried about the prospect of the third-ranking Paul Douglas (Ill.) taking over the chairmanship. Second to Sparkman today is maverick William Proxmire (Wisc.), who would be an even greater thorn in the bankers' sides than Douglas might have been.

■ Interior Secretary Rogers Morton is said to be contemplating a major intervention against a high-rise apartment project on the waterfront section of Old Town, the historic section of Alexandria, Virginia. Although it has been approved by the city council, the venture is increasingly controversial.

The five to seven hundred unit development would bring Alexandria considerable tax revenues, but it would also add to traffic and waste disposal problems. The waterfront area might otherwise be developed as a park, and many Old Town dwellers fear that the high rise will radically change the character of the neighborhood.

■ The general opinion goes something like this: Mrs. Beard wrote the memo. As many lobbyists will, she overstated both her activity and her influence. There was probably not any close connection between the ITT contribution to the GOP Convention and the ITT antitrust settlement with the Justice Department, but if there had been it would hardly have been cause for much surprise. Washingtonians see government as necessarily involving a lot of horse-trading and get puzzled about the degree to which this condition surprises those not immediately involved in it. This opinion is described variously as cynical or realistic, depending on who is making the judgment.

—CATO

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a year and a half in power, Mr. Gierek decided to brave the electoral winds in order to "demonstrate his nation's confidence in his new course." Saith the *Times*: "Mr. Gierek evidently felt he had made enough improvements in that brief time to gamble on overwhelming approval in the parliamentary election." Democracy in Poland is, though, a subtle thing, where "every departure from complete unanimity is meaningful." If Mr. Gierek had lost his gamble, he might have received a paltry 93.3 per cent like Mr. Jozef Kepa, Warsaw party chief, who joined others on the politburo in receiving a "low" vote total—seen as evidence of continuing discontent in Poland (well, who's perfect anyway?). And here in the U.S. we assume that a Presidential candidate who wins with 55 per cent of the vote, or even 43 per cent, come to think of it, has a mandate. It goes to show how undemocratic American democracy really is. Rousseau would have been pleased that in Poland, at least, democratic majorities do approximate the unanimity envisioned by his Will of All. Which is what People's Republics are all about, right?

■ Thinking the Unthinkable: "Suppose, just suppose, that the United States is winning the Vietnam war. It is a fantasy few war critics, liberal or radical, care to indulge. . . . Nixon's policy of Vietnamization and mechanization has changed the equation so that not only is the United States no longer losing men, it may well no longer be losing the war." Bob Kuttner in, yes, the *Village Voice*, March 23.

■ PROGRESS. (From *Federal Register*, Vol. 37, No. 13—Thursday, January 20, 1972):

PART 993—DRIED PRUNES PRODUCED IN CALIFORNIA
Order Amending the Order, as Amended, Regulating Handling

It is hereby ordered that on and after the effective dates hereof all handling of dried prunes produced in California shall be in conformity to, and in compliance with, the Order Regulating the Handling of Dried Prunes Produced in California, as amended (Order No. 993, as amended; 7 CFR Part 993), and as further amended by



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- **What happened to prosperity?**
- **Money for you from Britain**
- **Are you working harder for less money?**
- **Riskless Mutual Funds**
- **Worried about your Stock Certificates?**
- **Don't be misled by liberalized mortgage allowances**
- **How not to help the Poor**
- **Tax tips for movers**
- **Borrow now – while the borrowing's good**
- **How the new tax laws affect you**
- **Watching your retail prices**
- **Why municipal bonds are hot now**
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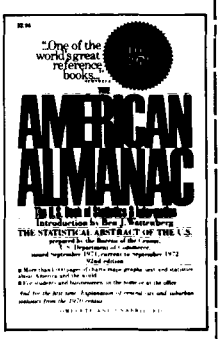


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this order. All of the findings, determinations, terms and conditions of the "Order Amending the Order as Amended, Regulating the Handling of Dried Prunes Produced in California" which was annexed to and made a part of the decision of the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, July 16, 1971 (F.R. Doc. 71-10345; 36 F.R. 13397), with respect to the proposed amendment of the amended marketing agreement and order regulating the handling of such dried prunes (36 F.R. 22306, November 24, 1971) shall be, and the same hereby are, the findings, determinations, terms and conditions of this order as if set forth in full herein. . . .

■ Warner Brothers' *Come Back, Charleston Blue*, being filmed in Harlem, includes a scene in which two white baddies masquerading in blackface are chased through the streets, then unmasked. But nobody explained that to the locals, who watched the chase, assumed Whitey was using white actors to portray black people, and—well, there was an Incident. Said one black film-maker: "It's the sort of silly misunderstanding that can arise out of four hundred years of hostility and exploitation."

■ A "Festival of Cuban Films" began in New York last week. Opening-nighters saw fist fights, stink bombs and white mice—along with the movies. It seems that besides diplomats from Ghana, Sierra Leone and other UN powers, several anti-Castro youths were in the audience. A few minutes after the main feature started—*Lucia*, "a film evoking the revolutionary struggle of Cuban working women"—the youths gave some white mice their freedom. Women, and a few men too, started screaming. Then came the stink bombs and the fist fights. Then came the police. Peace was restored and the Festival continued, but, alas, without the diplomats from Ghana and Sierra Leone, who asked the police to escort them outside. Once outside they cabbed away, anxiously awaiting the next day's session at the UN, where there are no white mice or other problems they can't handle.

# Constitutional Crisis?

One effect of the antibusing legislation recommended by President Nixon has been to focus attention on a profound political dispute that, in one way or another, has been central to American politics during the past generation. The issue at stake may be put briefly: Are we governed by the deliberate sense of the people as reflected in our elected representatives in the legislature and the Presidency? Or does final authority reside elsewhere—in the courts, and ultimately in the Supreme Court?

The words of the Constitution give a clear answer. We are governed by the deliberate sense of the people, and, except in certain specified cases, Congress has explicit constitutional authority to limit the jurisdiction of the Court. It can do so by simple legislative act. This, indeed, is one of the best-kept secrets of contemporary teaching in political science. The pertinent language occurs in Section Two of Article III: "In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the Supreme Court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before mentioned, the Supreme Court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make." The plain language of the Constitution thus very narrowly circumscribes the kind of cases in which the Court possesses "original jurisdiction." In *all* other cases "in law and equity, arising under this Constitution" the Court has "appellate jurisdiction . . . with such exceptions and under such regulations as the Congress shall make."

The possibility of direct confrontation now arises because the Court, though constitutionally the weaker of the two branches, has been on the political offensive for the past generation. Basing its decisions on the "due process" and "equal protection of the laws" language of the Fourteenth Amendment, on the First Amendment, and on the "all men are created equal" clause of the Declaration, the Court has brought into being what amounts to a large body of social legislation and has vastly aggrandized its own power. This expansion necessarily took place at the expense of Congress, which finds the area of its policymaking jurisdiction steadily shrinking. Indeed, the Court has frequently moved in violation of the deliberate sense of the people—supposedly the ultimate source of sovereignty in our constitutional system.

What the President now asks Congress to do is recapture the legislative authority seized by the Court; he has asked Congress, that is, to reassert the principles of self-government which it was the presumed intention of the Founders to establish.

Will there be a confrontation? Congress, invoking Article III, could limit the Court's appellate jurisdiction on, say, busing. The Court, ignoring Article III, could —just might—rule such an act of Congress unconstitutional. Though all this would be untidy, there could be only one winner if such a confrontation were pressed all the way. Congress has final weapons against the Court, the Court none against Congress. Indeed, in the one occasion when Congress did in fact explicitly assert its pre-eminence, in 1868, the Court ran up the white flag.

And so, if history can be taken as a guide, the answer must be that there will be no rending confrontation. Indeed, historically, both Congress and the Court have behaved with mutual restraint in order to avoid one. The Court, always aware of Article III, has not pressed Congress too hard; and Congress, in return, has allowed the Court a good deal of leeway. The conventional wisdom at the present time, therefore, is that a way will be found to avoid a collision. And this may be



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so. The new balance of power on the Court, created by the addition of Powell and Rehnquist, may, just in time, facilitate a strategic retrenchment.

But history might not be a reliable guide at the present time. The Warren Court ventured so far into the legislative realm that a change in direction may be difficult to manage. The Warren initiatives possess a good deal of momentum. Who would have supposed in 1954 that we would today be discussing whether the federal courts, or any courts, had a legitimate role in adjusting the de facto racial balance in the public schools? But this novel system of government by judicial fiat now has its constituencies, its vocal spokesmen and its theoretical celebrants. And this novel system now faces a resentful public and an aroused Congress.

## Equal Rights for Women

But while we are on the subject of the Constitution, Congress will be in a weak moral position to stress the precise language of Article III, considering the Senate's passage last week (84 to 8) of the Equal Rights for Women amendment (ERA).

Though easily passed and certain to be ratified in short order during this election year, the amendment deserves a prominent place in any anthology of recent constitutional frivolities. It guarantees "equality of rights under the law," which has a satisfying ring; but what, in fact, does that mean?

When the amendment becomes effective sometime in the summer of 1974, every eighteen-year-old girl will have to register for the draft. And, presumably, women will have to be drafted in proportion to their percentage in the population. Nor, once drafted, can exceptions be made. That means combat duty. The WAVE and WAC approach will be constitutionally impermissible.

Under the Social Security laws, women may now retire at 62, men at sixty-five. This will be palpably unconstitutional. But lowering the male age would cause economic disruption while raising the women's age would cause a political howl.

Furthermore, as a few senators and several commentators have pointed out, the amendment would appear to render unconstitutional a whole library of state laws bearing on child support, alimony, industrial safety and inheritance. We may expect years, nay, generations of litigation where these are concerned. The ERA thus bears no resemblance to the Nineteenth Amendment, securing women the vote, or to last year's eighteen-year-old vote amendment, which could not be misinterpreted.

Well done, gentlemen. The Senate, with those eight honorable exceptions, flagitiously violated the well-known principle that constitutional amendments must be precise and specific. Even in an election year, an amendment is no place for pious velleities. Within a short time, you may expect, the cry for repeal will be loud.

## Collapse at Harrisburg

*Harrisburg*, March 27—Swooping majestically low, defense attorney Ramsey Clark and company have just dropped a large egg on the heads of chief prosecutor Lynch, J. Edgar Hoover, and associates. "No defense."

It is a kind of masterful move. The government might get verdicts against Sister Liz, Wenderoth, McLaughlin and (possibly) Philip Berrigan for conspiring to destroy draft records. Eqbal Ahmad and the two Scoblicks look to be home free. As for the conspiracy charges about blowing up tunnels and kidnaping Kissinger: Forget it. Boyd Douglas had no corroborative testimony. And when the defense gets around to summation, it will have little difficulty in showing that a) the only witness who could testify that one of the defendants (Wenderoth) had manuals on the use of explosives was also the same person who supplied the manuals and that b) the person who smuggled the incriminating correspondence was the same person who supplied the explosives manuals. And who can predict juries? All seven could be home free.

The government also proved itself to be a master of the art of mistiming. Even if the defense had presented a case, it would have been at the psychologically opportune moment: precisely during the days when the Holy Week demonstrations were to be held. Granted, government prosecutions are not primarily concerned with public relations. Granted also that prosecutions can speed up or delay as they will. So the closing of the prosecution's case at that particular time played smack into the hands of the Left. Regardless of the verdict, it is the Left that wins.

Fifteen thousand people were promised for the giant Holy Saturday rally. And there is the whole week to build up the crowd. On the Tuesday night agenda is the forum on "Asian Foreign Policy" featuring (would you guess? you could never, never, never guess) Owen Lattimore and Alger Hiss. As memories of 1929 Fords, Woodstock typewriters and prothonotary warblers dance off into the night, we read the press release's description of Alger Hiss, "a former Foreign Service officer" (cf. Arnold, B., sometime Major General, Continental Army). On Wednesday, three bishops of the Episcopal Church celebrate a Eucharist outside the Federal Building (the rumor that they would use rice wine and fortune cookies was widely discounted). On Good Friday, an army depot suffers "acts of civil disobedience." And on Saturday the grand finale: the giant crowd outside the Capitol. Daniel Berrigan to speak. Daniel Ellsberg to speak. A representative to speak for Angela Davis. William Kunstler to read poetry (affording Alger Hiss another look at a prothonotary warbler). A smashing propaganda victory for the Left looks in order.

The government appears to have dropped this one, and can only stand there wondering why it was so fragile in the first place.

SHELDON MOODY SMITH



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# Poor Old New Economic Policy

Despite the rigid façade of official optimism, the wage-price control mechanism is breaking down. Though the four union leaders who quit the Pay Board had the least cause to complain, some of their objections can't be so easily dismissed as special-interest pleading. Leonard Woodcock, for example, described the utter confusion of Pay Board standards and operations, and added, astonishingly enough: "You can't have a $38.8-billion deficit without inflation pressures." The AFL-CIO statement pointed out that the Pay Board was "an instrument of distortions and pressures that can only be suppressed by more and more controls." Events do not contradict these prophecies.

Now, George Meany and the Democrats should be the last ones to blame the failure of controls on Nixon, since they were the first to insist on adopting this hoax. Much of the mystique behind controls, however, has been irreparably damaged by the demise of the comforting picture of unions, management and the public all subordinating their interests to the "common good."

Herbert Stein, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, inadvertently came up with another "good news, bad news" joke. First the good news: prices of cars and gasoline declined a little last month. Mr. Stein finds such rare exceptions "very encouraging." Now the bad news: price increases in food, clothing, home furnishings, toiletries, medical care, taxes, transit and utility rates etc. contributed to a February increase at a 6 per cent annual rate in the consumer price index.

It might look as though the controllers are running out of thumbs to plug the inevitable leaks in their dike, but from officialdom we seldom hear a discouraging word. Food prices rose at a 23 per cent rate last month, the largest annual rate of increase in a single month in fourteen years, but far from being seen as a proof of the ineffectuality of the control mechanism, this is considered a reason for still more controls. The President is even talking about frozen prices for foods, while somehow taking care not to offend the farm vote. Mr. Stein, however, says the "food bulge" is just a "coincidence," which will be a great comfort to housewives at the supermarket.

# When Irish Eyes Are Weeping

Prime Minister Edward Heath instituted "direct rule" over Northern Ireland reluctantly, after waiting until the last possible moment, which was considerably later than many of his colleagues thought prudent. He was hoping that the violence would begin tapering off, thus permitting resumption of some sort of political dialogue, but in the past month it grew, instead, even more ferocious than ever. The resort to direct rule from London signifies that the internment policy, sponsored and administered by the now suspended Northern Ireland government and enforced by the British troops, has failed. It means also that "the solution of the Irish question" by the combination of an independent Irish Republic and an Ulster still part of Britain but with autonomous rule over its domestic affairs has broken down after 51 years' trial. Although formally the Stormont government is only "suspended" for the period of one year, it is improbable that it will ever be revived in the form it has had up to now. The only purpose of the suspension is to try, under differing auspices, to halt the terror and to get eventual agreement among London, Ulster and the Irish Republic on constitutional change.

The immediate prospect is not bright. Nevertheless, direct rule has brought an immediate shift in the relationship of forces that holds some future promise. The bitter and general enmity that had developed between the Catholics and the British army, which the Catholics

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identified as a mere tool of the Protestants, was a major factor making negotiation impossible. Direct rule is initially interpreted, whether rightly or not, as a move against the Protestants through the Stormont government which they control, and thus as at least negatively a move favorable to the Catholic demands—an interpretation strengthened by Heath's announcement that the internment policy would be softened. Though this has thrown the Protestants into immediate indignant opposition, it tends to put the various forces more nearly into balance, a prerequisite for starting genuine negotiation. This, however, will have to wait until the terror and civil disobedience from both sides fall off to a level at which passions would be sufficiently quieted down to make communication possible.

Unfortunately, as the *Economist* predicted some while ago, this will in all probability come about not by any rational appeal from Mr. Heath, his proconsul Mr. Whitelaw, ex-Prime Minister Faulkner or Irish Prime Minister Lynch, but only when both sides are finally exhausted by their own violence and excess.

# The New Wallace?

He's been on the national scene for eight years now, but professional politicians still haven't got the knack of estimating George C. Wallace. They overestimate, they underestimate, but they never get it right. Nobody expected him to win the Florida primary, until it was too late to stop him. The results from Wisconsin aren't yet in as this is written, but with mere days to go Democratic pols are smugly waving month-old polls that show Wallace getting maybe 3 per cent. He's certain to do much, much better than that. The simple fact is, Wallace is likely to show up at Miami Beach with at least two hundred, and maybe three times that many, delegates in his pocket.

Of course the candidates will continue to overestimate Wallace, for public consumption anyway. Edmund Muskie's post-Florida rant about Wallace-the-epitome-of-our-"worst instincts" was but the latest in a long series of oversimplified picturings of Wallace as a sort of one-man lynch mob bent on genocide. The tactic of equating Wallace with racism and nothing else, though long since discredited, remains in use. Even though it backfires (compare Muskie's performance the day after Florida with Wallace's: the foaming bigot from Alabama seemed almost statesmanlike alongside the Lincolnesque gentleman from Maine). And even though the voters don't buy it all the way, because they are sophisticated enough to recognize that (for instance) the busing issue involves a great deal more than race or "civil rights."

So, while Muskie, McGovern et al. howl at the moon, Wallace stumps along, broadening his base all the time. Astute campaign-watchers (most recently, Evans and Novak) detect a new "respectability" in Wallace; as he himself says, "I don't have to talk as loud to get attention now." Some begin to believe him sincere when he says: "No man should be persecuted and hounded by the law just because of his color"; and some become less sure of the sincerity of those of his opponents who discuss racial problems always in strident emotional, never in sober legal terms. And Wallace has added other issues to his kit: closing the tax loopholes of the rich, curbing nonprofit foundations, a whole populist array that has wide appeal and makes sense—not necessarily good sense, but certainly good political sense. Wallace can no longer be dismissed as merely a racist, and a spoiler; the sachems of both parties will have to begin coping with him realistically, if they are going to cope at all.

# Choose Your Hoax

One of the following is from an actual news report and the other from a parody. Can you guess which is which? (If you give up, the answer is on p. 388.)

A. "The Cottontail Ranch, a trailer-court brothel operating in the desert of Esmerelda County, has come under fire for allegedly turning away a black customer. Tony McCormick, Executive Director of the Nevada Equal Rights Commission, said he also was turned away from the brothel when he went there to investigate a complaint. McCormick, who is black, said the Commission would investigate the situation, call a public hearing and, 'if necessary, issue a cease and desist order.' 'Ridiculous,' ranch owner Beverly Harrell said of the matter. 'A bordello should have a choice in who they entertain. And, after all, everyone should have the right to decide who to go to bed with.' McCormick said the initial complaint came from a black resident of Tucson, who . . . filed the complaint with the American Civil Liberties Union, which forwarded it to the Rights Commission. . . . After the complaint was filed, McCormick said, he drove to the ranch to investigate. 'I showed my credentials, but I was not allowed inside,' he said. 'I think it is a discredit to the state to have a person barred from anywhere because of his race.' "

B. "The following decision was handed down in the United States District Court for the District of Alaska yesterday, in the case *Kwakiutl* v. *School Board*: 'This is an action for a judgment declaring the pupils of public schools in Alaska's School District No. 2 the victims of racial segregation and imposing a suitable remedy. . . . 97 per cent of the pupils of the public schools in District No. 2 are Eskimo. . . . The school board does not dispute the imbalance, as plainly it cannot, but rather argues that the imbalance is the result solely of residential patterns. . . . For about a century now, this board and its predecessors . . . have been continuously aware that Eskimos live in northwest Alaska—that is to say, in School District No. 2—because they can live nowhere else. Housing to their tastes and economic op-



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portunities appropriate to their skills are unavailable to them anywhere except in northwest Alaska. Aware of these facts, as I say, the board has nevertheless left the boundaries of the district where they were a hundred years ago. . . . Where school authorities draw district boundaries in such a way as to maintain segregation, the court may ignore those boundaries and order the consolidation of hitherto separate school districts. . . . Here, consolidation of School District No. 2 with Alaska's three other school districts would accomplish nothing, since the population of those other districts, like that of District No. 2, is predominantly Eskimo. . . . In the Bradley case, local district boundaries gave way to what was constitutionally necessary. So too state borders must give way to what is constitutionally necessary. The Fourteenth Amendment is a mandate of *national* right. . . . The school districts nearest those of Alaska with a predominantly non-Eskimo population are those of the state of Washington. Accordingly, I command the consolidation of Alaska's School District No. 2 with the school districts of Washington. . . . In view of the distance between Alaska and Washington, busing obviously will not do. Consistent with the spirit of this opinion, then, the authorities are directed to transport the children by airplane.' "

## 033-30-0060 Waaah!

The Senate Finance Committee voted to require that each child in the country be issued a Social Security number upon entering first grade. Representative Martha Griffiths has gone the Committee one better by proposing that the numbers be issued at birth. The alleged purpose of the proposals is to cut down on chiseling by people on welfare, but "Civil Libertarians" are against them and suggest, ominously, that branding babies is next.

The *New York Times* decried the proposals as "cradle-to-grave surveillance" but condones, of course, cradle-to-grave welfare. Now "surveillance" is a loaded word which, when coupled with references to tattooing SS numbers on children's wrists, is meant to evoke memories of "the worst moments in history."

But what of the proposal? Is it reasonably calculated to cut down on chiseling, thereby saving the taxpayers money? Do "Civil Libertarians" care about taxpayers? Is the proposal in fact a violation of civil liberties any more, say, than compulsory enrollment in the Social Security program of the many Americans who could otherwise better provide for their retirement? And whose deprivation under Social Security "Civil Libertarians" are not on record as having noticed. And, after all, rich little babies who by their births become beneficiaries of trusts have had for years to get Social Security numbers with their silver spoons.

The argument is compelling that if the Federal Government, i.e., the taxpayers, is to pay the bill for something, it should, on behalf of the taxpayers, be able to set the standards governing the expenditure of the tax funds. So, for example, schools that receive federal aid should meet federal standards of education and—integration. On the other hand, if it is agreed that smoking causes cancer, and the Federal Government must pay the smoker's resulting medical bills, should the government therefore be able to prohibit the citizens' smoking? The alternative solution, that the Federal Government not pay for health care, education or social security, just isn't feasible in today's political climate. And hence the paradox of the welfare state's living in the land of the free.

## Travails of Marshall Green

When Richard Nixon roared home from Peking in triumph a month ago, he left Marshall Green, Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, behind to reassure our allies. To tell them that what they thought they had seen happening hadn't really happened, that Uncle Sam was not pulling back the protective shield he has held in the area since World War II. Mr. Green's problem was that though the President might not be intending to dump Taiwan, that's what the world thought he was up to. Why, for instance, hadn't he once, just once, mentioned America's 1954 Mutual Defense Treaty with Taiwan before, during or since the visit? Oversight? Never on your life, there's not an Asian leader who will believe that.

It was all very well for Marshall Green to tell President Marcos of the Philippines, or Premier Thanat Khoman of Thailand or Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore, man-to-man, that they could take the President's word for it, nothing had really changed. He had to be able to prove America's good faith and the best way to do that was to see the military hardware that was being promised—the new rifles, anti-aircraft guns, patrol ships, planes—would soon be moving down the pipeline to them. But could the President deliver on those promises? Green told the House Foreign Relations Committee upon his return: "I detected considerable concern, not about our government's intention to

## Sailing Lesson

The wind assaults the passive sail
And pushes, but to no avail;
Because, although the boat may heel,
A lowered centerboard or keel
Translates the wind's insistent force
Into a thrusting forward course.
A captain who is disciplined
Can sail a few points off the wind;
But this is difficult, and so
Most let the boom run out and GO.
Just judging by his run to port,
The President's the latter sort.

W. H. VON DREELE



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# Here's how you can make a Conservative out of someone you know

## (Especially Important in an Election Year!)

*Put National Review* in his hands. It's about the quickest way you can find to turn a *potential* conservative into an *actual* conservative. We know, because many of our regular subscribers have been doing just that for years with great success. Of course, we don't expect you to brave hail or high water to do it—we'll be more than happy to take care of that part ourselves. What we *can't* do is locate these potential conservatives. We don't know who they are but *you* do. They're your friends, relatives, neighbors, business and social acquaintances.

Think about it for a moment, right now. Pick someone you know (who doesn't already get NR) who thinks pretty much as you do about taxes, crime in the streets, inflation, narcotics, his children's education, etc. He may not realize it yet but he'd be vitally interested in what conservatives have to say about these things—(and where do conservatives say it better than in *National Review*?).

Rip out the card facing this page, NOW, and use it to introduce NR to your potential conservative at the special introductory rate of only $6.95 for the next nine months. He'll be glad you did. So will you. So will we. You don't often get a chance to make so many people happy with one stroke of the pen. So do it now.

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provide adequate assistance under the Nixon Doctrine, but rather about its ability to do so in the face of what appears to them a growing anti-aid attitude in the United States."

That's pretty much where it stands. The free nations of Southeast Asia and the Pacific already doubt that they can depend on the United States, and if Congress now fails to give them the arms they need to match opposing arms from Russia and China, the Pacific war could be lost without another battle.

# Ted Dabrowski, R I P

Ted Dabrowski, a prominent figure in the New York State Conservative Party since its inception and its vice chairman since 1969, died in his sleep last month at the age of fifty-two. He played a leading part in the 1970 campaign that put James L. Buckley into the Senate. An informed anti-Communist, he worked closely with the late Bella Dodd, whom he succeeded as chairman of the Saint Michael's Associates, an organization devoted to the education of citizens for civic responsibilities. At the time of his death, he was organizing the Conservative Party's tenth anniversary dinner, of which he was chairman. NATIONAL REVIEW extends its sympathies to his widow and children, and to his Conservative Party colleagues.

Answer to Hoax question: A is from a Feb. 16 Associated Press news story datelined Las Vegas, Nevada (in which state prostitution is legal). B, from the Feb. 17 issue of the *New York Law Journal*, is the thirteenth in a series of "Imaginary Opinions."

## Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sir:

I have written to *NR* informing you of the dearth of conservative material for the blind—any blind, even political science students. There is a glut of leftist literature available. Recording for the Blind, Inc., gives preference to students, has no time for recording magazines, insists its tapes be returned, requires the purchase of a $200 machine because of its several-track reels; and now readers who eat, drink and fidget, squeak and rustle into the mike.

I have in mind a blind man, a Columbia College graduate who was the most famous blind wrestler of all time. Because of his fortitude Columbia College later accepted blind students.

But he can't afford to advertise often. Any tapes sent to him will be shuttled to many blind people. Can any *NR* reader help? Here is the ad:

Blind man desperately needs volunteer with tape cassette to record main portions of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write Marcia P. Manfrini, R.N., 575 Castle Hill Avenue, Bronx, N.Y. 10473.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having read your column in the *New York Post* of I believe February 17 extending your longstanding thinking to the effect that publications do not charge enough to the reader, relying too much on revenue from their advertisers, it occurs to me that you would approve heartily of the present attitude of the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The *Post*, as you know, has resumed publication on a quarterly basis. Four issues per annum. Right? On each issue it is stated in rather prominent black letters in the upper right-hand corner that the price is $1 per copy—hence $4 for four copies. Right? However, each issue contains a tear-out which conveys the information that by taking advantage of in one instance a charter subscriber's opportunity and in the instance of the autumn copy of 1971, a special Christmas subscription offer, you may obtain the four copies for $5. Is this more or less what you have had in mind? J. Morton Curran
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In Dec. 17, 1971 *NR* your answer to a correspondent that you expect to be in heaven, but you do not know where he will be, recalls the story attributed, whether correctly or not I do not know, to Father Coughlin. Following a lecture a student asks, "Father, how was it that Jonah could live in the belly of the fish for three days?"

Fr. C., "I do not rightly know, but when I get to heaven, I will look up Jonah and ask him."

S., "But Father, suppose Jonah isn't in heaven?"

Fr. C., "Then in that case, you ask him."

And if *that* won't satisfy you, there's the one about how pictures of angels do not show them with beards. That is because men get to heaven by a very close shave. Had enough? A. Stuart Oskamp
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

*Yes, thank you.* —*WFB*

■ Dear Sir:

Another of your jokes, no doubt. Cast a cold eye/On life, on death/Horseman, pass by. The meaning is well known: Yeats, musing on his deathbed on epitaphs was struck by the one great difference in men: Humbleness and arrogance: the humble dwell, muse. Walk: Cast a cold eye/On life, on death. One can't reach the arrogant: Horseman, pass by. Humility cast a cold eye, Haughtiness ride on: *Reverbatim sondus ein Siecus*: peckerwood for peckerwood knows peckerwood (i.e., bright top is



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bright, top is top. When he is always on his horse). But the arrogant only imagine they know this and had as well pass on; the humble get on the ground and consider.

John J. Griggs
Prineville, Oregon

*Dear Mr. Griggs: You got it!* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Would you please do me a favor and ask Michael R. Facundus what he plans on doing when his "Progressive-bloc" friends step in and uproot his beautiful little electrically powered home in Baton Rouge, Amerika?

Sincerely,
Michael Dick
15242 Chalon Circle
Santa Ana, Calif.

*Surely. . . . Dear Mr. Facundus: Mr. Michael Dick of Santa Ana, California, desires to know what you plan on doing when your "Progressive-bloc" friends step in and uproot your beautiful little electrically powered home in Baton Rouge, Amerika. Best,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Having been a subscriber to NATIONAL REVIEW since my freshman year in college I feel as though, somehow my political views dampen my social life. Why is it, I always meet the liberal meatballs and we never seem to get along. Here I am, an old teacher of 24 with a Masters and what have I? Nothing, absolutely zero. A registered Conservative, even helped elect our senator, but I only meet political crazies.

The gist of this letter is a plea. Where does a bright, attractive, young lady meet young, intelligent, conservative men? Are there any conservative males left or have they all been picked out in countless Love Stories? Am I to go through life with meatballs? Why are most (all I have met) conservative men too much over thirty and married?

Please, please, are there any left?

Sincerely,
Hope Wisloski
47-30 61 Street
Woodside, N.Y.

*Dear Miss Wisloski: For a small charge,* NR *will undertake to breed a few. Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Sir:

I observed you on the *Today Show* this morning.

I did not know that you were capable of being what I consider to be so detestable.

Omer E. Vrooman
Springfield, Oregon

*Dear Mr. Vrooman: And I didn't know you were capable of being so ignorant of my detestability. Pretty late learner, Omer.* —*WFB*

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

NATIONAL REVIEW was given to me for Xmas last year and I have enjoyed it very much. I have read it from cover to cover and also read anything of yours that appears in the *Orlando Sentinel.*

In spite of this, I do not want to renew my subscription. I find, when I read too much I get a severe headache. Therefore I avoid reading by not having the enticing reading material around.

I wish you continued success in your efforts to reach more people, especially the young.

Best regards,
Margaret Reichert
Merritt Island, Florida

*Dear Mrs. Reichert: How about if we promise to make* NR *duller? . . . Sorry to see you go. Cordially,* —*WFB*

■ Dear Bill:

Three cheers to Dr. Ross Terrill. He slashed you to bits as you have been doing to yourself for the past year. Cancel my subscription.

Wm. W. Morris
222 C. Quinta
Green Valley, Arizona

*Dear Mr. Morris: Cancel your own goddam subscription. Cordially,* —**WFB**



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LETTER FROM BRUSSELS

# Do These Bones Live?

JAMES BURNHAM

BELGIUM HAS BEEN having its longest round of good weather in a century or so—the air soft and delicious after the grisly March weeks we left behind in New England, and the pale new leaves, the primroses, daffodils, fruit trees, and shrub blossoms rushing out in answer to the sun. Last Sunday we drove south from Avenue Louise into Seurat's *La Grande Jatte*. The lake of the Bois de la Cambre, the long slopes of grass running from its banks into the trees, the trails and riding paths and benches and the surface of the water were everywhere pulsing motion and color. In a park or on a beach Europeans are much more animated than Americans. Even when talking or sitting they keep moving. They do lots of walking and, as on the paths of the Bois that day, of stylish riding, and the children are always running, throwing or kicking a ball, chasing hoops and each other, spinning yo-yo's, starting informal games. Movement is as animated on the water as on the ground, as that day on the lake in the center of the Bois, with the small rowboats crisscrossing and the little ferry moving back and forth between shore and the miniature island with its busy café. There were plenty of cars too, filling the road. We Americans are not the only ones having a love affair with our automobiles.

How nearly absolute, I found myself thinking, the difference between this scene before me and those monochrome, monopsychic masses in the streets and squares of that other world I saw, Intelsat gratias, about a month ago.

Driving on south, the Bois de la Cambre phases into the great Forêt de Soigne that stretches without breach almost to Waterloo. (It was the Forêt de Soigne, in part the very same trees still standing, that screened Bluecher's horsemen as they moved down for the blow against the French right that smashed Bonaparte past repairing.) There are no automobile roads through the center of this superb forest, but a sufficient number of foot, horse and service paths. It is no wild, untutored child of Nature. Except for the interlude of the Romantic heresy, of which our current Nature kick nostalgically reminds them, Europeans have never gone in for Nature in the raw. Nature is grandly present in these ancient woods, in the spectacular image of great trees sixty to well over a hundred feet tall—a variety of beech (*hêtre*) mostly, mixed with some pine and groves of oak or birch—thrusting straight up without branches until their crowns, like huge greenish masts, interspersed with occasional smaller masts ready to take the place, later on, of fallen ancients. Nearly everywhere, what underbrush can grow under the leaved roof is cleared away so that the trees grow as if out of a brown-leaved floor. This ordered splendor is not, however, presented merely as feast for the eye and soul of a beholder. As you walk along the paths you note to one side or the other, every hundred feet or so, one of the giants lying prone and straight among its standing fellows, its branches nearly cut away and vanished, its stump (which at first you do not see) carefully leveled with the ground. The selective cutting nowhere inflicts an ugly wound, and in the due course of the year the trunks make their way to the mill, while the branches, cut into the stacks of firewood you come upon here and there, are carted off to warm the hearths of the Bruxellois.

## *Western Triad*

Walking through these woods this past week, the fusion that constitutes their reality seemed to me of the very essence of the West: nature, order, utility. No rejection of physical and perceived reality as *maya*, illusion, evil, but a positive embracing. No mere submission to nature, no surrender to her joys, lusts or horrors, but the shaping of nature according to a reasoned order. No coming to rest in static contemplation, but active intervention to serve men's needs and desires.

Does "the idea of the West" linger now as an idea only, flotsam words left stranded from a former reality that sank with all hands aboard? If America, spoiled and precocious child of the West, is in truth *colui Che fece per viltate il gran refuto*, and has renounced the task to which she was summoned by her youth, resources, wealth, strength and the smiles of Fortune, then this becomes a question of clear and present import. Who, on this globe now become through technology an interrelated system, will order, to at least the degree requisite to survival, the raw matter of political and social life? The China of which we caught a momentary glimpse through Nixon's trip? Bengal? Russia? central Africa? Reviewing those alternates before the mind's eye will suggest the question's weight.

## *Choose Your Partners*

We are told, and indeed it is true, that the old alignments are cracking, dissolving and even reversing. In the circumstance, the question whether the West exists takes this form: Is the relationship that France can have with the Soviet Union, Britain with India, Italy with Somalia, or the United States with Communist China of exactly the same kind as the relationship Spain has (or can have) with Italy, Britain with West Germany, Belgium with Switzerland, the United States with France? We know that in every category any set of nations can from one cause or another and for this or that period of time join in alliance or clash in war with any other. But if the relationship is of *exactly* the same kind, the West no longer exists.

Nixon made his Peking turn in the same year that agreement was reached to enlarge the Common Market (the "European Economic *Community*") from six nations to ten; it is plausible that the two initiatives share an historical as well as temporal link. Walking along the *Chaussée de Charleroi*, I thought to take a look at Europe. Cruising taxis are hard to come by, but there was one resting off the road on a side street, and I asked the driver to take me to the square that has been renamed "Robert Schumann." I had noticed the driver studying a book, and after we got going he explained: "I was counting the churches in Brussels.



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I have found three hundred and fifty-seven. That's just about one for each day in the year. More than any other city except Rome." In going over the list he was also, he said, trying to identify the church from which he had heard on TV the night before a wonderful Eastertime concert, with a big children's choir from Germany. I can't vouch for his statistics, but I felt our conversation had something to do with the question about the West that I had been pondering.

The present headquarters of Europe is two buildings in the usual UN-modern style: a ten-year-old rectilinear prism where the conferences and political jockeying take place, and the new administrative center, a vast monument in the shape of a huge star with slightly truncated points that rises on foundation arches from a sunken plaza. (In shaping these super-centers of our time, the pentagram, key figure of magic and the occult, exercises a fascination inexplicable by either aesthetic or functional requirements.) I stepped out of the cab into the middle of a lively confusion. There were hundreds of people surging around both main entrances, scores of journalists and radio-TV types with cameras, microphones and notebooks, and dozens of those black Mercedes that are the signet of European officialdom.

## *Grounded Star*

The special pattern of the confusion resulted, I learned, from the rush back and forth of two contrary tides: the participants in the marathon conference of the ministers of "the ten" concerning, mostly, agricultural policy and prices, and a walkout by the staff to demand *une nouvelle méthode*, which, numerous posters and leaflets told me, meant a flexible wage scale to compensate automatically for the rise in the cost of living that had come to 4.2 per cent in the past six months. (How spoiled we Americans are!)

The staff is a formidable enough multitude: in the star building alone, they say, a thousand of supervisory rank and five thousand underlings. With most of them milling around outside or attending a big rally in an assembly hall or taking the opportunity to duck out to the country and enjoy the marvelous weather, the insides of Europe were fairly empty. They too are the familiar contemporary: low-ceilinged, costs being what they are; movable partitions, to handle all the expansions and reorganizations; mostly glass façade, permanently sealed, whence the necessity of continuous air-conditioning (the defects of which led to the first and nearly revolutionary staff uprising two days after the opening) and all-but-closed Venetian blinds; automatic unattended elevators; standardized desks, files, typewriters, chairs, colors and cafeteria foods.

## *What Do You Expect?*

All very ordinary, dreary even, from walkout to colors. But then I thought: nevertheless, *ça existe*, it exists, it is *there*; there not as a floating idea but as steel, concrete and furnishings, and, yes, as a swelling bureaucracy and roster of officials each in his place on the Table of Organization, and growing mountains of paper. What else should I expect? That modern Europe could exist *without* bureaucrats, paperwork, standardized equipment?

I was glancing that evening through *Mahomet et Charlemagne*, the last book of the very great Belgian historian, Henri Pirenne, published posthumously by his son in 1970. I happened to turn to a map of Charlemagne's empire, and of course it was a map also, with minor variants, of the original hexagon of the European Community: the heartland, that is, of Western civilization. Carry the boundary, as the map also shows, to the limes of the Arab conquests and the Eastern orthodoxy, and—except for the eastern marches presently under alien rule—you have, more or less, the enlarged Community of the ten. Surely such coincidences cannot be coincidences only. In the EEC we must be dealing with something more than a squabbling customs union.

## *End or Intermission?*

Maybe it can be thought of this way. At the end of the war the European heartland of the West was collapsed from a massive occlusion. The precocious American child, self-confident, impatient, indifferent to his ancestors and somewhat scornful, set out on his own, though without any very clear notion of where he was going. He stumbled, pouted, got discouraged, lost his nerve, and has come close to quitting altogether. But thanks to his exertions Europe—Western Europe—was given time and shelter to recover from acute trauma and to manage at least a partial convalescence.

A Western Europe of wholly separate junior-grade nations, even if these were individually healthy, could not protect itself from the giant alien to the east; it has been the precocious child who, in a mixture of generosity and intuited self-interest, has provided the protection. But atomized Western Europe could not deal, either, with her overgrown offspring, could not be a genuine partner, friend, and sibling. Only Western Europe, not this and that separate European nation, can come to terms with America.

So at the same time that America stumbles, retires and lunges in all directions in a frantic attempt to recover solid footing, Western Europe, though not without petty distraction and negative counterthrusts, begins a new stage of its self-creation, or recreation—renaissance—both quantitatively, through the in-drawing of the additional four, and qualitatively, through the steps toward deeper integration. The question, Does the West exist?, will then become: Will a matured America and a renewed Europe be aware of themselves as linked to each other in a way neither can ever be, in this era at any rate, to China, India, Russia, Africa . . . ?

## *Our Man in Europe*

I add one more coincidence, modest no doubt but too elegant to overlook as symbol. At just this moment when the global kaleidoscope is being rudely shaken, with the older pattern shattered and the new not formed, when Europe is regrouping itself, and when the relation between Europe and America is being re-examined, the President has just sent as his ambassador to Belgium —historic crossroads, seat of NATO and SHAPE as well as of the European Community—a man who in his own person and work expresses these relations, issues and possibilities. As historian, political scientist, strategic analyst and philosopher, Robert Strausz-Hupé—bête noire of Senator Fulbright —has always been much occupied with the meaning and destiny of "the West." He and his associates of the Foreign Policy Research Institute introduced Mao's term, "the protracted conflict,"

*(Continues on page 423)*



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OEO

*To the leftist ideologue the poor and the blacks are as necessary as flowers to spring. The problem is not to help ease their misery but to keep them forever alienated—the better to flay the Establishment*

# Can We Do without the Poor?

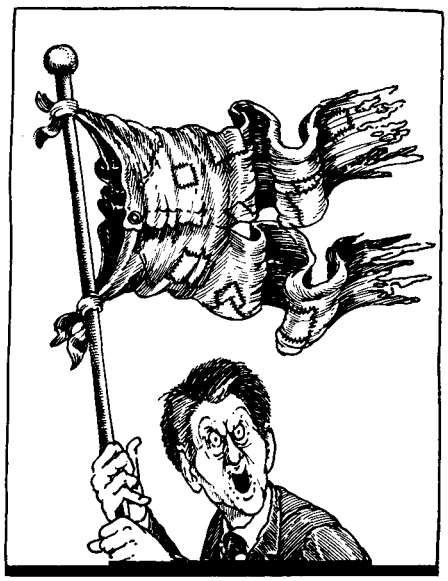
A. LAWRENCE CHICKERING

In 1964 the first director of the newly established Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) predicted that in ten years poverty would cease to be a problem in America. Now, eight years into Mr. Shriver's decade, some questions and observations.

We have made great progress, in those eight years, in our efforts to reduce poverty. Allowing for fluctuations in the economy, between 1965 and 1970 the number of people regarded as poor by the Department of Commerce declined from 33.2 million to 25.5 million. Thus, the poor declined from 17.3 per cent to 12.6 per cent of the population. The rate of decline continued a trend that, subject to economic fluctuation, has persisted throughout most of this century. (By approximately the same standards, 90 per cent of all American families were poor in 1900; 50 per cent were poor in 1920.)

By the end of 1970, OEO had spent directly and indirectly (through other federal agencies) nearly $10 billion. What part OEO had, if any, in reducing poverty during that period is difficult to say. Patrick Moynihan, in *Maximum Feasible Misunderstanding*, and other original supporters of the program concede that it has been a dismal failure.

Until recently OEO officials have maintained a brave and optimistic front against outside criticism. But in February of this year, OEO Director Phillip V. Sanchez declared that the war on poverty has been a "massive fraud." Despite all those billions of dollars and all that rhetoric, Mr. Sanchez has concluded, "the war on poverty didn't happen." OEO officials have always been reluctant to claim that the agency has had any substantial effect



in reducing poverty. In the past, they were enthusiastic about the agency, they said, because of its success in making people "aware of the problem."

Now the obvious questions: If we have made great progress in reducing poverty despite rather than because of government, why does the professional Left continue to talk apocalyptically about poverty, and continue to urge more and more federal programs to meet the "crisis"? What measure of success would be sufficient to satisfy Walter Cronkite? At what point could we expect the editorial page of the *New York Times* to acknowledge the limitations of the social sciences and praise what progress we have made?

The answer is of course that no rate of progress would be sufficient. To think otherwise is to misunderstand the Left's interest in poverty. Under present circumstances, and for the foreseeable future, poverty cannot cease to be a problem in America, because we need the poor too much. We cannot do without them.

The confusion centers on what we mean by "poor." Or, in racial matters, what we mean by "black." In literal terms, "poor" denotes a material condition: in 1972, about $4,000 a year for a nonfarm family of four. Similarly, "black" means Negro. Political discourse (as it is conducted in the left-liberal press) *appears* to use the words "poor" and "black" literally. But the appearance is deceiving.

Take "black." Is the professional Left really committed to increasing opportunities for blacks? If it were, it should be encouraged by the increase in the size of the black middle class.* But not only has the Left taken little notice of this development, leftists have expressed hostility toward the emerging black middle class. Why? Because the middle-class blacks are "Uncle Toms."

## *Black Is . . .*

The Left's agenda obviously involves more than just giving blacks opportunity. The hidden item involves the Left's notion of what is "black." To be "black," it is not enough merely to be a Negro. To be *really* black, you must be more: hostile, alienated and willing to attack the Establishment. Individual blacks maintain the support of the white Left only so long as they assault the white middle class and the System. When blacks begin to enjoy some of the prosperity leftists ostensibly want for them, they become "sellouts," and "part of the problem."

*In terms of income, the expansion has been dramatic. Between 1959 and 1967, the number of Negro families in metropolitan areas earning more than $10,000 a year increased from 187,000 to 601,000.



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The Left's attitude toward the white poor exactly parallels its attitude toward blacks. The Left's hostility toward the white working class, especially the "ethnic" lower middle class, is too obvious to require comment. The ethnics, especially Irish and Italian working-class people, formed the base of the Left's constituency a generation ago, but fell out of favor as they came to enjoy some of the benefits the Left appeared to want for them.

## The New Colonialism

Only one conclusion is possible: The Left's constituency is not a material (low-income) class, nor is it a racial (e.g., black) one. While leftist rhetoric *suggests* an interest in overcoming the disadvantages to opportunity posed by poverty and blackness, it is clear that the Left's *real* constituency is a psychological class that transcends the bounds of both income and race. The psychological characteristics of the class are easy enough to identify: hostile, alienated, resentful of the System and the Establishment. Put another way, the Left feels greatest kinship with people who both think they are failures (whether they are in fact or not) and are willing publicly and vocally to blame the white middle class and the System (the "ins") for their condition.

Ministering to the Left's constituency means relating to an abstract class of "poor" and "blacks." The *standards* of poorness and blackness become psychological characteristics. The process is easy to see in the operations of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Frequently, OEO must deal with the question of who speaks for the poor, or for the blacks. The very act of suggesting that *anybody* can speak for all poor or all blacks exposes the abstract, stereotyped nature of the constituency. The practical effect is unsurprising. Tom Wolfe (in "Mau-Mauing the Flak-Catchers") describes brilliantly how the choices are made: The most hostile are presumed to be the most "authentic," and they get poverty grants.

I have witnessed several occasions in which OEO, which is supposedly controlled by the Nixon Administration, has refused to deal with black leaders who were too friendly with the Administration. Any black who is willing to deal with Nixon, the OEO people reason, cannot be "authentic." Conversely, those *most* hostile, more often than not, get the most respectful hearing.

It can be argued that OEO's primary function since its inception eight years ago has been to create an economic demand for people hostile to our system of government, to the middle class and to our way of life. By rewarding only those who exhibit the requisite levels of hostility, in effect we pay people to be hostile. And punish those who refuse.

Blacks have suffered most under this subtle form of colonialism. Through its community action agencies (CAAs), OEO controls an important source of power and influence in the black community, and thereby has the power to create (or destroy) black leaders by fiat.

The practice is well-known: The little Saul Alinskys who populate the operating levels of OEO tend to choose as leaders Black Panther types, who have a weak sense of self and are easily manipulated. OEO avoids the black community's natural leaders, who refuse to play the role that is the price of the Left's favors. The result is a black community that is in large part a pseudo-community, "led" by pseudo-leaders, who are propped up by Washington. The system has been an important influence in prolonging the psychological dependence of blacks on the white Left, and has retarded efforts by genuine (middle-class) black leaders to develop the strong and independent sense of community that would secure the psychological emancipation of black people.

Hardly a day passes when the press does not urge us at least indirectly to meditate on the evils of "white racism." They mean, of course, the "racism" of the white lower middle class. But how often have we been invited to consider the appalling white racism of a national policy, which the press celebrates, whose only apparent aim is to pay black people to be hostile to white people?

The irony is tragic. After decades of struggling for material and, especially, psychological equality with whites, blacks find themselves exploited not by their traditional antagonists, but by their "friends." Furthermore, because it is concealed, the present form of exploitation is in some ways more enervating than previous forms. There is a special sense of powerlessness that comes from knowing you are threatened, without being able to identify the source of the threat. Most perceptive blacks know they are being used and exploited. But, although they suspect and distrust the white Left, they are largely unaware of the psychological price they are paying for their alliance with it. The current political idiom does not permit them to look elsewhere for support. And so the sense of powerlessness persists.

We see the process described above in almost every area of social policy:

—In education, it is widely known that the nation's major universities are turning down qualified middle-class black students in order to accept "au-

*Mr. Chickering is a Contributing Editor of* NATIONAL REVIEW *who has worked for the Office of Economic Opportunity in California for the past year.*



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thentic ghetto types." The result is that conscientious, successful blacks are penalized for their diligence, while the most negative, alienated and unsuccessful blacks are rewarded for precisely those qualities. The process continues in college, as militant black studies programs reinforce the characteristics of "blackness."

—The press and television, as Edith Efron pointed out in *The News Twisters*, report only the activities of the Left's abstract class of "blacks." And thereby promote a negative identity of blacks not only to the society at large, but to blacks themselves.

—Poverty lawyers have shown a conspicuous disinterest in providing legal services for people who are merely poor. The lawyers go after headline-grabbing class action suits and "landmark" law. And thereby serve the Left's abstract class of "poor."

## *Who Is Poor?*

The current political idiom, fashioned as it is by the verbal Left, reflects and reinforces the Left's abstract, mythical categories. In extreme cases, the rhetorical consequences are ludicrous. The press, for example, can only bring itself to describe somebody as an "idealist" if he is a Maoist or a bomb-thrower.

On the extreme Left, the key words are "compassion" and "caring." Bobby Kennedy was a hero because he "cared." John Lindsay's record in New York is beside the point. He "cares." "Caring" even became the theme of a national advertising campaign, when the National Urban Coalition exhorted us to "Give a Damn!"

About whom? *Not* about the struggles of individual blacks who seek to escape the ghetto, and who seek psychological emancipation. "Giving a damn" and "caring" refer rather to the Left's psychological constituency of "poor" and "blacks." Negatively, giving a damn requires that you scorn and condemn blacks who move into the middle class, seeking leadership only in their own communities. Seeking, that is—and here again the racist implications of the Left's position—only what individual whites seek. "Caring" about the abstract class means encouraging blacks to identify with it. *Real* blacks are alienated and hostile. *A black who refuses to act alienated and hostile—who refuses, in the final analysis, to suffer—is being untrue to himself as a black.* He is an Uncle Tom.

Sensitivity to the abstract class requires insensitivity to people.

The Left's psychological constituency is not limited to the "deprived." Even college students have made a strong bid for recognition as an exploited, underprivileged group. The "kids" are a major focus for the left-liberal press. The "kids" have all the answers; except it was obvious from the beginning that you don't have to be young to be a "kid."

The crisis of poverty is really a crisis of "poverty." We can do away with technical, material poverty by giving low-income people money. (There is even some question about this. Some "experts" on poverty are suggesting that we ought to define poverty not in terms of a dollar amount, or even a standard of living, but by a percentage of the population. By this standard, we would have to regard, say, the bottom 15 per cent of the population as "poor," no matter what their actual standard of living. Of course, defining poverty as a percentage, rather than in absolute terms, guarantees a supply of "poor" people for all time. We can safely predict that adherents to this position will grow, as absolute poverty declines.) But low-income people are not the problem. It is the "poor" who are indispensable. Why can we not function without them? The following story may suggest an answer: During World War II, a man I know was appointed by the Navy to select one hundred qualified officers to do highly sensitive intelligence work. The initial phase of the operation proceeded without difficulty. But after six or seven weeks, my friend became aware of a half-dozen officers who were causing trouble for the group and interrupting its progress. He transferred the dissidents, and the unit operated smoothly again. But a few weeks passed, and he noticed another set of six or seven who began disrupting and making trouble. Again he transferred the troublemakers, but in due course still another set took their place.

He stopped transferring after that. He concluded that the problem lay not in the individual men who made trouble —they could always be replaced—but in the group itself. He concluded that the existence of a half-dozen troublemakers in a group of one hundred men, no matter how carefully they were selected, was inevitable. The troublemakers were part of the group dynamic, perhaps serving to express latent hostility and opposition in the group as a whole.

The verbal Left identifies with the "poor," who express the Left's hostility and alienation. Until we find a way to eliminate that hostility and alienation, we will not be able to do without the "poor." The press will continue to harangue us. "Idealists" will continue to march and demonstrate. And politicians—of both parties, if Mr. Nixon is representative—will continue to expand and multiply federal programs, funded by larger and larger budgets.

Sad to say, Mr. Shriver's decade may conceivably last forever. □



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*Professor Szamek's courses are canceled a week or so after he receives a decoration from the Greek government. For helping the Colonels stay in power? No, for an anthropological study of the hunting patterns of Stone Age Man*

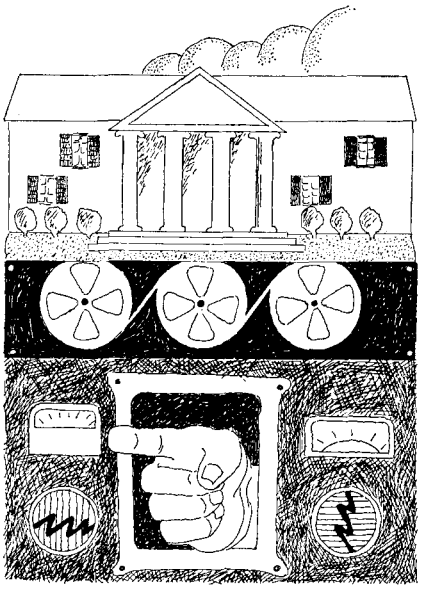
# The Colonels Will Get You If You Don't Watch Out

PIERRE SZAMEK

SOME YEARS AGO, Franz Kafka, struck by the difficulty of maintaining morals and ethics under the pressures of modern life, wrote a series of exercises in the symbolics of reality, and did so with more marrow-freezing courage than any other writer in recent times. Most frightening of these exercises is a short and icy piece of writing, *The Trial.*

It tells of a man unexpectedly confronted at breakfast by two strangers, who promptly proceed to voice nameless accusations, place him in custody, and order him held for trial. What follows is a nightmare of unreal reality. The hearings are held in strange cellars, unwashed in spirit or light, or in stifling cubbyhole lofts, lost in their own green-mold uncertainties and in mustard-colored fears. Realities are so sharp that they dis-focus, lies are so hard that they compress the eyeballs. Nothing seems real, yet everything seems too real. The trial begins, but there are no charges. The court appears, but there is no law. Pleas are presented, but no defense is permitted. Even the judges are shadows —vague, tight, hard little men, thinking and moving as if on electrified high wires. Then, suddenly, the trial ends. The man is convicted. He is taken to the courtyard. There he is executed. It is all done quietly. In the shadows. In moon-dark. With a butcher's knife. And in that instant, Kafka nails his faith to the twilight world of truth and reality. Truth is life, he says. Never allow it to be attacked out of secret places. Never allow those who dare attack it to retreat into silent shadows. If you do, truth will die.

Kafka's novel comes so strongly to my mind because recently a curious incident crossed my path: another trial by innuendo and conviction by silence,



again under sinister and puzzling circumstances. In my case, however, the incident began pleasantly enough. For several years prior to the fall of 1968, most of my time had been occupied with an anthropological technique by which human Ice Age habitational sites could be traced. By examining the fossilized plant remains of various kinds of vegetation eaten by the favorite game-food animals of Ice Age hunters, the seasonal migrational routes of the animals could then be followed, and, since human hunters tended to settle in areas of high food concentration, this would provide sharp clues to the archaeological presence of Stone Age human habitational sites. It was the most completely exciting and fascinating kind of scientific detective investigation although, needless to say, it was also lonely and tiring work; and when, as often happened, months of following a single promising trail suddenly ended in a dead end, the result was also emotionally exhausting, and unscientifically exasperating.

This, in fact, was the exact situation when, in the early fall of 1968, I received an invitation to teach a graduate course in anthropology at Newark State College of New Jersey, a college of some ten thousand students on a sprawling campus. My enthusiasm was less than effervescent, since informed public opinion held New Jersey's state college system in extremely low favor, because of its reputation for low standards and sagging quality. But after three years of active service in the Stone Age, the company of human beings suddenly seemed very appealing. The college was conveniently located; I considered the offer and finally accepted.

ALL OF THE expected, both the good and the bad, was there. Best, as it developed, were the students. They were unbelievably kind. Later I was to discover the reason. Accustomed by years of conditioning to being treated as academic merchandise, they found any change pleasant and unexpected. Our relationship was comfortable. We traveled together. They were the tourists; I was the Cook's tour representative. Anthropology proved to be exciting: The interest was lively; the relationship was mutually rewarding; and it made the kind of experience which defies description, but which crackles in its own private and happy way.

At the administrative level, how-

*Mr. Szamek is an anthropologist, a member of the CBS* Invitation to Learning *discussion program and a Knight Officer-Gold Cross of the Royal Order of the Phoenix—Greece.*



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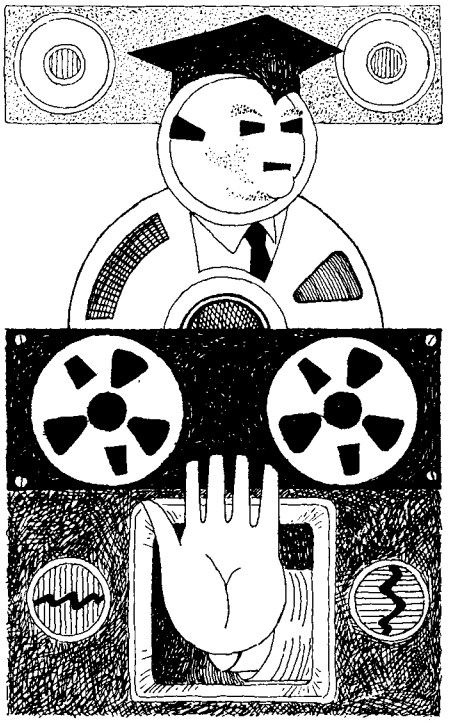
ever, the picture was dismally the reverse. Large numbers of the teaching staff were recruited locally. They were titled Professor, but actually came from the staffs of local elementary and high schools. Secret reports of state evaluating committees list them as ". . . retired superintendents, former classroom teachers, retired teachers, former principals, housewives . . ." Many taught any subject that came to hand. The overwhelming majority—83.5 per cent—were without high degrees. Academic productivity was at a minimum. Some 90 per cent of the faculty would not have been able to complete the Matura or Baccalaureate requirements of an upper-level European gymnasium or lycée (high school). It is a process of mediocrity by plan. The object is to obtain as much physical bulk—regardless of quality—as possible. As a result the student is himself packaged, processed and industrialized. He is at once both consumer and product. The diploma is the service; the student, the consumer. But as an organic entity he is also the product. The system is an all-consuming assembly-line: The wheels turn; the cogs move; the product is transported through the machinery; and he becomes, in effect, an ambulant sprocket-hole in the system's punch card.

In New Jersey the system is even more sinister. If, for instance, a regularly appointed faculty member, of even the most pedestrian talents, is paid a yearly salary of $16,000 for teaching three courses, then it is preferable—by the state's reasoning—to appoint instead three visiting elementary-school staff members, title them Professor, pay each $1,200 per year, for a net saving of $12,400. And that is what was done. The reasoning was majestic. The concern for the taxpayer was touching. Even so, the report which revealed this information was stamped *Confidential*. The president of one of the black organizations summed it up neatly: "I have been to three colleges. This is the only one in which most of the students consistently know more than most of the faculty, and neither side respects the other."

When questioned about these conditions, the State Chancellor of Higher Education responded admirably. He said that he was "concerned." This placed him in the august company of such singular heralds of concern as, say, the Fire Marshal in San Francisco who, during the great earthquake in 1906, was heard to remark, "This may be serious."

But some administrative officials finally showed something more energetic than concern. Measures were instituted to raise standards. Since many faculty members tended to disappear without troubling to grade papers when summer holidays began, the administration found a solution. Salaries were refused until grades were submitted. This was then neatly balanced by another measure intended to improve conditions. When leaving some classrooms, faculty members were searched to uncover possible thefts of public property. The merriment never ended.

To THE students, this was a source of great amusement. Most were anxious to continue their education, for personal and professional reasons, and deeply resentful of the pickling process of the system in which they found themselves. I felt like the virtuous man viewing an indecent picture, but preserving his integrity by opening only one eye. I decided to stay. Very quickly and warmly the good faith was validated. For Christmas my students surprised me with the honor of an unexpected holiday party. At the mid-year they requested an added course, which was arranged. Spring was celebrated with a year-end reception. And, in the happy association that followed, two pleasant years passed.



Meanwhile, the administration continued to ride its academic carousel, seated alternately backward and sidesaddle, and humming its own orchestration of assurance in a slightly off-key falsetto. Some of the particularly high notes included the cheerful optimism of the Graduate Dean, who observed: "We like to think that a grade of C is pretty much the same as a grade of B, so we prefer to give grades of B." Arriving shortly thereafter, the Commission on Higher Education visited the college to examine and evaluate standards. Commenting on the quality of scholarship, it reported: ". . . an examination of student records indicates that As and Bs are the normal grades earned . . . in only one case in 24 records examined did a grade of C appear." As graduation time approached, directions were issued to candidates taking the final comprehensive examination for the degree of Master of Arts. They were advised to use English dictionaries during the examination, ". . . as a guide to understanding the questions."

VIEWING the situation from the vantage point of an anthropologist, I sat quietly on a rock in Byzantium and chuckled. But then, during the summer of 1970, in the name of His Majesty, the King of Greece, for services of research on Greek antiquities, I received a decoration, in the form of an order of knighthood. The college reacted promptly. My courses were canceled, secretly and quietly. No notification was sent. No explanation was given. No communication was made. Very sharply and suddenly Kafka's curtain fell.

In the fall the students discovered what had happened. They demanded answers. They were ignored. A delegation visited the President to protest. He refused to discuss the matter. The students continued to demand the truth. What finally emerged proved to be somewhat startling. The administration did not approve of the government of Greece. This was admitted privately, but publicly denied. The Dean observed that the college had never made "official statements" about any foreign government. "That's the beauty of academic freedom," he added, "anyone can have any belief they [sic] wish." Next week the college issued invitations to an anti-Greek rally. At this, another student



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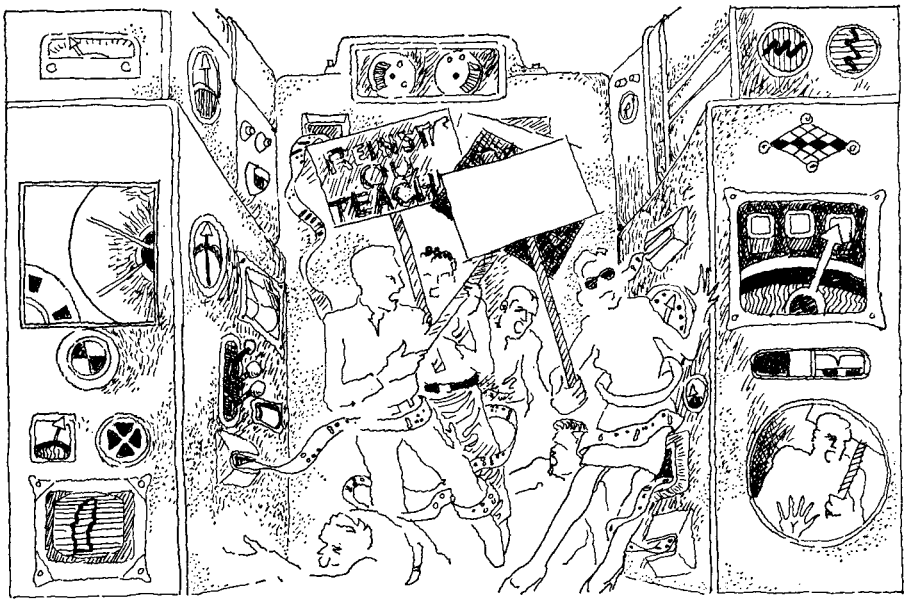

delegation visited the President. Very patiently, and with great dignity, they explained their beliefs. The function of a college administration, they said, was to serve the needs of the students, and not to cater to the private and personal prejudices of some members of its staff. They were ignored. Another attempt was made. Finally, under strong student pressure, one—but only one—of the two courses was reinstated. Students attempting to register, however, were harassed and intimidated by college officials and, immediately, even this course was canceled for the coming semester.

It now became clear that the administration intended to lapse into moody and morose silence. The official position was stated by the Dean, who announced: "We do not allow our authority to be challenged here." The remark did not strike a favorable chord. The challenge was accepted by the local Human Rights Commission which took energetic action to uncover the truth and asked the State Chancellor of Higher Education to conduct full and open hearings. The Chancellor acted like the true bureaucrat. He said nothing. The request was repeated. The Chancellor's aide replied. The answer: ". . . this complaint has a curious character . . . we have, however, investigated . . ." The Human Rights Commission was skeptical. It asked for proof that an investigation had, in fact, been made. No reply. A protest was sent to the Governor. It charged the Chancellor only with lack of interest. The letter was diverted to the Chancellor. He did nothing. Students again contacted the President of the college. He replied: "There is nothing to discuss; this is merely a matter of normal administrative policy." They tried the Dean of the Graduate Department. He replied: "This is a matter of normal administrative policy." The Human Rights Commission wrote again to the Chancellor of Higher Education. He replied: ". . . this is a matter of normal administrative policy."

Four members of the Board of Trustees were next contacted. Upon hearing the details, one of them, with superb aplomb, and that formidable command of language to be expected under prevailing conditions, said, "Wow!" And did nothing. One woman member of the Board, asked to initiate an investigation, answered: "Fighting such battles is not my job, besides I think everything is just fine there." (Later, however, she indicated that any attempt to reach the attention of the Governor ". . . would be stopped.") By their own admission not one member of the Board knew of the appalling conditions at the college. Each promised action. None ever did anything.

The college paper now wrote: ". . . If a scholar of such high stature, and international reputation, is willing to come to Newark State College, and offer his distinguished services to the students, why is he so abruptly dismissed . . .?" The President now began circulating reports that the credentials mentioned were questionable.

Another letter was sent to the Governor, asking him personally to direct an investigation. This time there was an immediate reply. The letter stated that action would be taken—by the Chancellor. Within four months the Chancellor replied. He refused to allow a full investigation, but he sent his congratulations on the interest shown in education. He advised legal action against the college.

So, at last, the issue was clearly defined. Where a bad system is threatened the herd reacts by instinct. Here, the herd reacted. Each member of the hierarchy joined to shield the other. The Human Rights Commission, on the other hand, remained firmly determined to pursue the truth. It was joined by a new ally.

Because of strongly developing interest on the part of black students (previously some fifty or sixty black students had asked for a course in racial anthropology. Characteristically, my offer to present such a course, without salary, had been disregarded), the President of the NAACP sent a telegram to the Governor asking for a full investigation. There was no reply. A second telegram, marked for the personal attention of the Governor, was sent. It charged the Office of Higher Education with incompetence, unconcern and inability to act. The telegram was diverted to the Chancellor. Within a month his reply arrived. He saw no grounds for action, he said. No names were used, but on a separate slip of paper he mysteriously referred to an anonymous "Dr. S."

At this point reprisals began. Faculty members active in the protest were deprived of seniority privileges. Students most active in protesting the actions of the administration were informed—one week before graduation—that they would not be granted diplomas. For four days they were left in uncertainty. Then the threat of public exposure ended the attempt. By this time, undergraduates, graduate students, foreign sources, state legislators, a member of Congress, scientists, scholars and others had presented a total of 177 inquiries addressed in person, by letter or by telephone to the President and Dean, each asking for a statement of truth. The President refused to discuss the matter. When asked for his comment, the Dean replied: "No one has ever contacted me."

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THE OPEN QUESTION

# No, to an Independent Taiwan

PHILIP NICOLAIDES

WM. BUCKLEY proposes (*NR*, March 19) that for the sake of its survival the Nationalist government should abandon its claim to be the rightful government of all China and should declare that it is simply the legal government of a new independent state, Taiwan.

Most of Taiwan's fifteen million inhabitants, he says, would gladly support Chiang because even the dissidents would prefer Nationalist rule to Mainland rule. And such an assertion of independence would win Taiwan recognition as a separate and sovereign nation by all but the Communist nations and their client states. This would strengthen the position of the Nationalist government and undercut Red China's claim to Taiwan.

But it is not clear that the majority of the inhabitants of Taiwan would give greater allegiance to their government if it renounced its claim to be the legitimate government of China. In fact, a "declaration of independence" from the *government* on the Mainland is a misnomer. The Mainland authorities have *never* ruled the island of Taiwan.

Such a declaration would amount to the proclamation of its own illegitimacy as a Chinese government and an affirmation of the legitimacy of the Mao regime as the sole government of China. It would weaken the claim of the Nationalist government to the loyalty of *all* Chinese people. It would surely dismay the three million inhabitants of Taiwan who have many close family links to the Mainland and for whom the existence of a humane Chinese government on Taiwan is a beacon of hope.

It would further demoralize the twenty million overseas Chinese living in Southeast Asia—an extremely influential group. So far most overseas Chinese have looked to the Nationalist government as the vehicle for the perdurability of legitimate Chinese rule and the preservation of traditional Chinese cultural values. If the Nationalist government were to delegitimize itself, it would be inviting these overseas Chinese to give up hope.

Even more serious, perhaps, would be the effect of such a declaration on the morale of the Mainlanders who still resist, or at least hope for a brighter day. The UN vote has already legitimized their oppressors. Nixon's pilgrimage to Peking has reinforced this legitimization. Now for the Nationalist government, their own brothers living in freedom, to foreswear any interest in their liberation would set the final seal upon their despair.

TO THE hard-nosed practitioners of Western Realpolitik, the thought of a restoration, may seem an idle dream. But in the mind of Mao it is a recurring nightmare. Only a few years ago he confided his fears to his American sycophant Edgar Snow: "Youth could negate the revolution," he said, "make peace with imperialism and bring the remnants of the Chiang Kai-shek clique back to the Mainland."

Why should the Nationalist government ease the troubled sleep of Mao by renouncing the claim that challenges his legitimacy?

The majority of the Chinese people would lose respect for a Chinese government that could wash its hands of any sense of obligation to the hundreds of millions of Chinese who now live under the hideously oppressive Mao regime.

Last summer in Taipei the great Chinese scholar, Lin Yu-tang, summed up for me this argument:

> You must put yourself in the position of the Chinese people themselves. They are suffering terribly under this present regime. There are 700 million of them. It may be just a figure, a number, to you but not so to me. They are my brothers. . . . They are very, very *real* people.
>
> We feel they would be highly resentful of any acts which would sanction the present regime under which they suffer. . . .
>
> This is the lesson of Chinese history. The greatest tyrants always have the shortest dynasties.

Mr. Buckley argues that a declaration of independence would enable Taiwan to slip out of the noose. The Nixon-Chou communiqué contained the Red Chinese assertion that Taiwan is a part of China. And we concurred. America and Red China agree to "non-interference in the internal affairs" of other states. Thus our commitment to defend Taiwan becomes "interference in internal Chinese affairs."

But if Nationalist China becomes the

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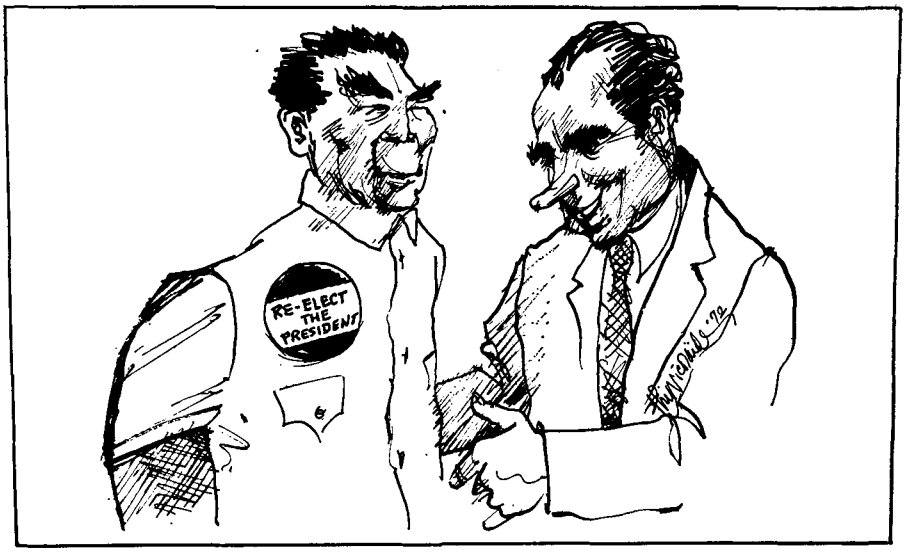


*Mr. Nicolaides spent several months in the Far East last year shooting a film. He is president of the Agora Group, a New York public relations firm.*



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LETTER FROM ATHENS

# Papadopoulos All the Way

TAKI THEODORACOPULOS

ATHENS IS a city that thrives on rumors. Athenians are people who love politics, gossip and spreading rumors.

After all, they feel it is a part of their heritage. *Sycophantia* was the ancient Greek word for it.

However, since 1967, the Athenians have not had much to gossip about—at least politically.

As a journalist who used to cover the tumultuous parliamentary sessions put it: "The political scene in Greece today can euphemistically be described as catatonic."

But all the gossip, conjecture and supposition of the past has been rekindled by Prime Minister Papadopoulos' latest move in dismissing the Regent, General Zoitakis, and in assuming the Regency himself. In addition to the Premiership and the Regency, he also holds the key ministries of national defense, foreign affairs, and government policy.

"Now he not only wants to be dictator but a royal one at that, like Napoleon," said a cynical newspaperman over the telephone.

Others voiced the opinion that Papadopoulos has emerged as absolute arbiter of future political developments in Greece.

Still others saw his recent maneuver as a step in the right direction, more like a liberalization than a consolidation of personal power à la Franco.

The foreign press was also having a field day.

France's respected *Figaro* went so far as to say that the rift between Papadopoulos and Zoitakis was caused (among other things) by Mrs. Papadopoulos' jealousy of Mrs. Zoitakis. As *Figaro*'s summation of the gossip explained it, "She was eclipsed by the Regent's wife during social functions."

*Le Monde* reported that Zoitakis was dismissed for refusing to go along with Papadopoulos' wish "physically to exterminate" Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus.

Its editorial stated that the Regent's removal was a blow to King Constantine's chances of returning to his throne. In this attitude, *Le Monde* was joined by most editorialists.

The English journal, the *Guardian*, described Zoitakis as symbolizing a spirit of compromise with the past, particularly over the monarchy.

The Prime Minister's propensity for secrecy, a secrecy that he assiduously developed during his career as an army intelligence officer, sparked these divergent opinions.

(The way Papadopoulos masterminded the bloodless coup of 1967 gives an idea of why the political experts and the press in general have been unable to guess correctly what his game really is until now.)

Trying to put Papadopoulos' latest move in the right perspective is a hazardous business, but after speaking with some well-placed persons on both sides of the political fence in Greece, the following conclusions arise:

Unlike the London and *New York Times*' report that Papadopoulos' decision to combine the offices of head of state and prime minister was seen by "informed quarters" as a clear indication that a discreet process to abolish the monarchy and to establish a republic had begun, his decision seems to point to the contrary.

Even though there were rumors of secret contacts and deals with the exiled king, Zoitakis was very content in his position as the highest official in the land.

By Zoitakis' removal, Papadopoulos has facilitated the possible return of the exiled monarch in that any decision regarding Constantine's reinstatement will now be solely his. Zoitakis embodied all the military intransigence and hostility directed at Papadopoulos' liberalization measures.

Papadopoulos is known to be wary of his military commanders, some of whom have sworn to kill the king if he ever returns.

In their eyes, the abolition of the monarchy would be a positive step toward perennial army rule, a step Papadopoulos is leery of taking.

Disagreements over the policy to be followed in the Cyprus dispute may well have been the pretext causing General Zoitakis to lose his post. He was rumored to have favored a placating attitude toward Makarios, while Papadopoulos preferred an aggressive one.

But the real reason for his dismissal was the personality conflict between the two leaders.

As early as last year, the rift between the two was widely known around Athens. It was originally blamed on Zoitakis' slow and ponderous way of agreeing to the Premier's demands for dynamic legislation intended to decentralize government, rapidly to develop new industry, and to reorganize radically the armed forces.

In the words of the regime's spokesman, "The government decided that the invocation by General Zoitakis of formalistic and legalistic rules actually concealed an unacceptable intention to interfere in its legislative work."

Also, Zoitakis was known to feel sympathetic toward junior officers dissatisfied with the way Papadopoulos was deviating from the revolution's initial pledges of collective leadership.

A COLLECTIVE leadership, Papadopoulos is known to have said, means a strict army rule.

Which leads to this question: If the Prime Minister could not stand the trivialities of his hand-picked Regent, how will he ever be able to sustain Constantine's grandiloquent attitude in the event of his return? No one ventures to answer.

And recently, the pro-government newspapers have been clamoring for a referendum concerning the king. This is probably a maneuver to keep Constantine in line and to remind him of his precarious position.

Thus, as the regime's fifth anniversary approaches next month, Papadopoulos finds himself stronger than ever and in a position to call elections or a referendum without the danger of disgruntled officers rising against him.

Zoitakis was the last hurdle. □

*Taki Theodoracopulos has just returned from Southeast Asia (see* NR, *Feb. 18) to his home-base in Athens.*



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OSTPOLITIK

*Can Willy Brandt bring it off: Get the Bundestag to ratify those treaties with the East? At stake are the free people of West Berlin, the concept of a united Germany and consolidation of the Soviet empire*

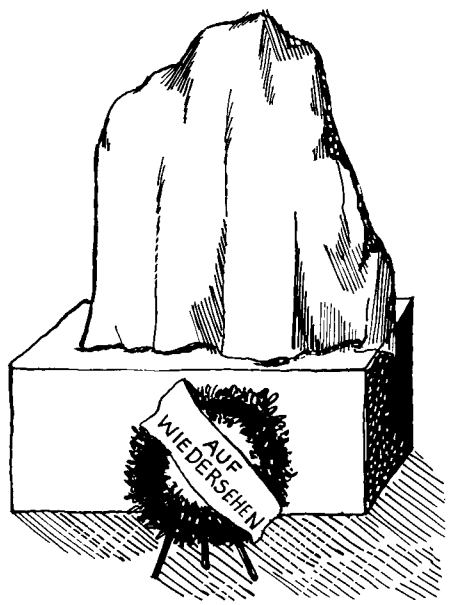
# Is Berlin Our European Taiwan?

CURTIS CATE

FROM THE VERY INCEPTION of his Ostpolitik almost two years ago, it was clear that Chancellor Willy Brandt was likely to be faced with an eventual choice between equally unpleasant alternatives. In dealing with two tough and prickly customers like the Kremlin and East Berlin, either he would be driven to making dangerous concessions, or else, realizing the enormity of what he was about to concede, he would have to halt his Ostpolitik in mid-course and admit that his hopes had been too fond and his dreams too exalted. If not a calamity on the international stage, it might at least be a crippling setback on the domestic front. In either case he stood to be the loser.

In politics, no less than in boxing, it is always an error to lead with one's chin. This, from the start, was the fatal flaw in Brandt's Ostpolitik. And also, it must be said, in the diplomatic "thinking" which has so shortsightedly encouraged it in the West. No one can pretend that the warnings were not there. In a whole series of international Communist gatherings, of which the most significant was probably the Karlovy Vary (Karlsbad) conference of April 1967, the Soviets have emphasized the importance they attach to a "system of all-European collective security" based on the recognition of two German states—the Federal Republic and what is officially designated as the DDR, the German Democratic Republic—along with a "West Berlin as an autonomous political entity." This is exactly what Willy Brandt's Ostpolitik is in the process of bringing about, though the fact has been largely camouflaged by a smokescreen of Soviet "concessions."

That the Western allies bear a heavy




responsibility in this matter is clear to anyone still willing to face facts. Once again we have made ourselves the unwitting tools of Soviet policy. For when the conjuror's black sheet was finally pulled back from the inter-German accords of last December, what was revealed? That the "concessions," far from being granted by the magnanimous powers of the East, were going to have to be made by the West Berliners, who may eventually acquire the right to visit friends, relatives and monuments in East Berlin for thirty days in any year. Though this represents one-twelfth of the visiting rights granted to West Germans and others, and is a clear violation of the Quadripartite Agreement of last September 3, it was meekly accepted by the Western allies as an "extraordinary" achievement for Chancellor Brandt and for the "dynamic" diplomacy of his chief troubleshooter, Egon Bahr.

Obscured by all the ballyhoo surrounding these "historic" accords was the embarrassing fact that West Berlin had already been partially sold down the river by the Quadripartite Agreement of September. The Agreement specifically forbids the further holding of plenary Bundestag sessions in West Berlin. The President of the Federal Republic cannot henceforth be elected in what was once the capital of the German Reich. The second annex to the Agreement declares unambiguously that "the provisions of the Basic Law of the Federal Republic of Germany and of the constitution operative in the Western sectors of Berlin which contradict the above have been suspended." Though the wording here is messy, the meaning is crystal-clear. While East Berlin is to retain its unchallenged status as the capital of East Germany, West Berlin is no longer, even in a symbolic sense, to be a part of the Federal Republic. It is destined to become an "autonomous political entity"—which is how West Berlin is officially referred to on the entry forms which visitors to East Berlin are now required to fill out.

## *Three Germanies?*

The idea of a three-Germanies solution, embracing an autonomous West Berlin, is anything but new. A dozen years ago the German philosopher Karl Jaspers propounded the idea in a book that caused a momentary furor in West Germany because it was too "defeatist." He accepted the idea of West Berlin as a "separate political entity"—indeed, he even proposed that it might become a new international world capital, with the establishment there of the United Nations organiza-



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tions now located in New York, Geneva and Rome. But he made the acceptance of this solution for the "problem of the two Germanies" conditional on one thing: a demilitarized East Germany ruled by a freely elected government (comparable to the compromise that ended the occupation of Austria) and debarred from staging a new *Anschluss* with West Germany.

Nothing could better illustrate the drift in Western "thinking" than the gulf which separates this imaginative proposal from what Brandt, with the more or less wholehearted support of Paris, London and Washington, is now offering the Russians. His formula calling for the recognition of "two states within one nation" will lead to the simultaneous admission of East and West Germany into the United Nations —the objective which Leonid Brezhnev persuaded Georges Pompidou to endorse in the "Common Declaration" they signed last October at the Elysée Palace in Paris. Once admitted to the United Nations, it will merely be a question of time before East Germany is recognized as a fully sovereign state, with no strings attached. It will not be required to stage free and unfettered elections, nor will it have to tear down any part of the "anti-Fascist rampart," as the Berlin Wall is now picturesquely designated in the East. Not a single mine will have to be withdrawn from the murderous death-strip dividing the two Germanies. These too will be accepted, in the name of socialist realism, as a basic fact of life.

## *No More Hallstein*

Whereas East Berlin will have recovered its historic vocation as a Middle European capital, under the protective aegis of Mother Russia, West Berlin, now shorn of the last tattered shreds of its political dignity, will increasingly come to resemble the semi-industrial and semi-residential suburb it in fact is. It will be left to float inside an officially recognized East Germany like a bigger and more prosperous Liechtenstein.

For the fiction of a West Berlin umbilically linked to the Bonn Republic will have been substituted the fiction of a "third Germany" cut adrift in the heart of Europe by a West German government that has agreed not to use it as a stage for "provocative" parliamentary meetings. Over and against the economic dynamism of the West will now be set the political, historical and sentimental attraction of the East. With an end result which is surprising only for having been recently proclaimed by the Soviet ambassador to Bonn, Valentin Falin, as "the incorporation of West Berlin into the German Democratic Republic."

To obtain his "friendship" pacts with Moscow and Warsaw, Willy Brandt had to agree to the recognition of the Oder-Neisse line, a concession that was sooner or later inevitable. But to obtain a Berlin "settlement," or something resembling it, he had to jettison the Hallstein Doctrine, which is a far more serious affair. For the Hallstein Doctrine, now so regularly decried as a sterile product of static cold war thinking, did not leap fully armed one day from a wild-eyed professor's brain. It was a logical prolongation of the West German constitution of 1949, which proclaimed the principle that the federal parliament, being a freely elected body, would speak for all of Germany, including its still captive and muzzled part. In thus proclaiming the illegitimacy of the Walter Ulbricht regime, the Hallstein Doctrine reaffirmed the principles embodied in the Atlantic Charter of 1942 and in later wartime agreements. It gave the Federal Republic a political vocation and a moral raison d'être. Though this had awkward consequences in the fields of international trade and diplomacy, it offered the Western allies solid ground for maintaining their military presence in Berlin. Since the East German regime was not based on anything remotely resembling free elections, there could be no question of negotiating with it. Its continuing existence was an anomaly that necessarily prolonged the postwar occupation of Germany, including its former capital, Berlin.

## *On to Realism!*

No temptation in politics is more fateful than the desire to move too fast; nor is anything more dangerous than the wish to exchange a long-term asset for a short-term gain. But this is what Brandt's Ostpolitik has done. Because the Hallstein Doctrine was producing no immediate tangible results, it became fashionable to attack it as "unrealistic." True, down-to-earth "realism" consists in facing up to the fact that East Germany is not and probably never will be democratic, notwithstanding its title. Whether one likes it or not, so these "realists" argued, one must deal with the East German regime, just as one deals with other undemocratic Communist regimes.

The Hallstein Doctrine was consequently jettisoned. The pendulum swung from one extreme to the other. From the "unrealistic" rigidity of the Hallstein Doctrine West Germany moved to the "realistic" fluidity of Brandt's Ostpolitik. Yet is this bridge-building policy as realistic as it claims to be? Might it not turn out to be an even more crippling

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*Mr. Cate was European editor for the* Atlantic *Magazine for a number of years. He is the author of* Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.



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mirage? So far, it has not succeeded in removing the mines and machine-guns, the watchtowers and barbed wire with which so many of these bridges between East and West Germany are still hedged. It has not mollified the East Germans to the point of their willingly abandoning all sovereign claims to West Berlin. What it has done, however, or is in the process of doing, is to legitimize the East German regime —with what promise to be fateful consequences. What was once regarded as provisional and abnormal is now to become permanent and normal. Save in one respect: the "capital"—what this "normal" regime considers to be its rightful capital—will remain occupied by foreign troops.

Now a foreign military presence in a capital city is, to put it mildly, an anomaly. And that is what the Western military presence in Berlin increasingly is going to seem. Once East Germany has been officially recognized as a legitimate state, it is the Western military presence in Berlin which, with the passage of the years, will be held up to the world as illegitimate.

## *Now You See It . . .*

The realization that the situation in Central Europe has changed, and changed irrevocably, will probably not break over us like a thunderclap. More likely, it will creep up on us with the insidiousness of a tide. Once the two Eastern pacts—between Bonn and Warsaw, on the one hand, Bonn and Moscow, on the other—have been ratified, as they probably will be by midsummer, the unresolved postwar situation will, so far as the Soviet Union is concerned, have ended. The Russians will then be in a position to say to the Western allies: "Our quarrel with Germany is over. We, who suffered the most during the last war, have made our peace with the Germans. The German Democratic Republic is our ally, and we have recognized the Federal Republic and concluded a friendship treaty with it. For us the Berlin problem is settled. We have given the West Berliners solid and reasonable guarantees. What more do they need? . . . This being the case, why do you" —you Americans, British and French— "feel you have to maintain troops in West Berlin? Don't you think that in the interest of the détente for which we are working and which is the basic aspiration of all the peoples of Europe you should remove your troops, just as we are prepared to remove ours?" The Kremlin will then have us over a barrel. For no matter how we respond, we shall find ourselves trapped.

Let us suppose, first of all, that the Western allies dig in their heels and refuse to accede to Moscow's suggestion that they withdraw their troops from Berlin, on the grounds that the German problem has *not* been solved at all. Having all but openly encouraged Brandt to pursue his "dynamic" Ostpolitik, the Western allies will now have to reverse gears and say that, all things considered, the East German regime, which this policy has legitimized, is not to be trusted. From the point of view of Soviet propaganda this will be a heaven-sent opportunity. We shall be denounced as hypocrites and as cold warriors. The presence of Allied troops in West Berlin, at a time when the Berlin problem has been "solved," will be denounced as a "threat to European peace and security" and as an intolerable "provocation" to the peaceloving nation of East Germany, now a fully recognized and respected member of the United Nations.

Giving these accusations an air of plausibility will not be hard for Soviet propagandists. All they need do is train their editorial gunfire on West Berlin's radio and TV stations, and particularly on the U.S.-financed RIAS (Radio in the American Sector), since the Free Berlin Radio (*Sender Freies Berlin*) has recently grown tamer and is being infiltrated by Marxists. These radio stations will be attacked as "disturbers of the peace" bent on "poisoning the minds" of the inhabitants of East Germany and arousing anti-regime feelings through lies and calumnies.

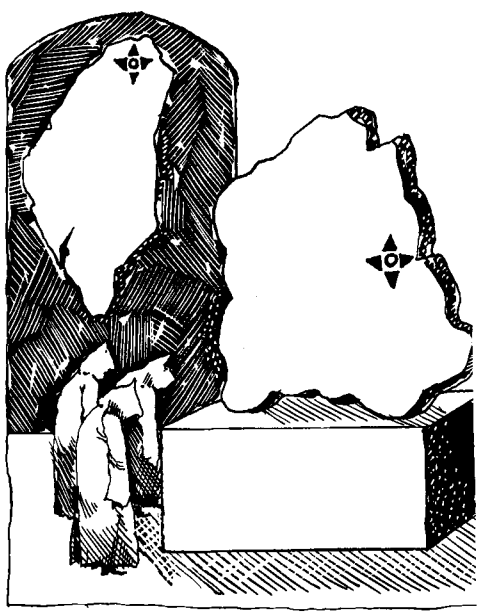
The crowning touch in this propaganda campaign will be the suggestion that these foreign forces, stationed in the heart of a fully recognized, "democratic" and peaceloving East Germany, constitute a threat to the peace of Central Europe, justifying the continued Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia. The blame for the "necessary" occupation of Czechoslovakia, which was once placed on West German "militarists," will now be neatly transferred to the "aggressive" policies of American and other cold war politicians, intent on reviving the "hard line" once preached by Dulles and Adenauer.

The Soviets will then be able to pull off in Europe the trick which they and the Chinese have so brilliantly performed in the Orient. There, a process of infiltration which was initiated by the North Vietnamese in 1960, sharply escalated (through Laos) in 1962, and turned into an all but open invasion in 1963 and early 1964, has been transformed, by dint of tireless brain-stuffing, into a "war of American aggression against the people of Vietnam"—as millions in Europe and America now piously believe.

## *Setting the Scene*

This will set the stage for the other alternative. Yielding to the "peaceloving" clamor of a thoroughly bamboozled public on both sides of the Atlantic, the three occupying powers will agree to the "reasonable" Russian request that Berlin be evacuated. The French, British and U.S. garrisons will be withdrawn from West Berlin, while the Red Army withdraws its residual contingents from the Eastern sector of the city. Obviously, this will be the end of the Four-Power statutes. The only difference will be that the East Germans are armed, whereas the West Berliners are not: All they have is a police force (the Western powers having, unlike the Russians and East Germans, always respected the Quadripartite statutes outlawing the presence in Berlin of Germans in military uniform).

The rest of the scenario should now develop with the fatal force of a Greek tragedy. The mere suggestion that the





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Western allies are considering the possibility of a military evacuation will touch off a stampede of epic proportions. It will be a repetition of the stampede out of East Berlin which preceded the building of the Wall in early August of 1961—only this time it will be men, women and children rushing to get out of West Berlin and back to West Germany. Neither the East Germans nor the Russians will need to lift a threatening finger. Never will communications between West Berlin and the Federal Republic have been freer and less impeded. Indeed, East Germans and Russians will be able to raise the drama to the level of high art by "beseeching" the panic-stricken inhabitants of West Berlin not to abandon their homesteads. In an era of international détente what, after all, have they to fear?

## *Who's to Blame?*

Never will there have been less need to "invade" West Berlin. It will be the Kremlin's subtle answer to the ingenious argument propounded several months ago in *Newsweek* by Stewart Alsop, according to which the Russians and the West now instinctively respect each other's "turf"—in the best tradition of the "territorial imperative" which reigns in the animal world. There will be no need to invade the allies' "turf" in West Berlin, since this particular piece of real estate will have lost all its value. It will have been bled white by the mass exodus of its inhabitants. The prophecy Walter Lippmann strove so hard to bring about will at last have been fulfilled: West Berlin will have withered on the vine and become a dead city.

This was the nightmare vision which used to haunt Konrad Adenauer, and, through him, Dean Acheson. Both understood that such a calamity was more than the West Germans, no matter how bloated by Erhard's "economic miracle," could take in their stride. Such a "solution" of West Berlin's fate would inevitably unleash a furious backlash of pent-up hatreds and suspicions. The latent Americanophobia which, ever since the bombardments of World War II, has smoldered in the deep dark recesses of the Faustian Germanic soul will come blazing to life. It will explode in a new version of the old scapegoat, "stab-in-the-back" theory, which Soviet agents in the West will be only too happy to revive. The new scapegoat, the new "criminal," will be America, which let West Germany down at the crucial moment. After all, wasn't the defense of West Berlin an Allied, i.e., primarily an American responsibility? How can the West Germans be blamed for the consequences of Brandt's Ostpolitik when they were debarred from stationing any Bundeswehr soldiers in the three sectors of West Berlin?

One should never underestimate the extent to which the Germanic *Schadenfreude*—love of destruction—can be carried. Finding themselves "betrayed," the West Germans might opt en masse for a break with their betrayers—the United States, France and Britain—and for a full-scale alliance with their enemies, the Russians. Nothing succeeds like success, and nowhere more so than in Germany. German industrialists, German workers, and the vast majority of the German people were willing to follow Adolf Hitler because he was successful. He was the living symbol of *Erfolg*, which conveniently rhymes with *Volk*. The Soviets having outmaneuvered the West on the chessboard of Europe, the West Germans will find it more prudent, from then on, to play ball with the victor.

## *Carrot and Stick*

This is not to say that this is bound to happen if the Eastern pacts are ratified. But it is what could happen if the West does not wake up to what is really going on. For we should not be taken in by all the heady talk about the admirable "dynamism" of Brandt's Ostpolitik. The dynamism is there, all right, but it is dynamism in reverse. The West has encouraged Brandt, in the belief that a mobile foreign policy is better than a static one and that somehow in negotiating with the other side he was bound to go places. In fact, he is going East. The diplomatic initiative has passed to the Soviet Union, which is beginning to call the tune in Germany and the West. Moscow no longer makes a secret of its preference for Brandt. The left-wing weekly, *Der Spiegel*, recently put Brezhnev's face on its cover and called him "Bonn's partner."

While the lure of the Soviet carrot has been reserved for Brandt and his Socialists, the knout of Soviet propaganda is readier than ever to flay any "reactionary chauvinists" in the West German opposition who dare question the Eastern treaties. As Dieter Cycon, the brilliant foreign editor of *Die Welt*, was forced to admit in a recent editorial: "Should all the agreements which have been reached in recent years be reduced to nothing by a Bundestag vote . . . the result would be not only a serious crisis in German-Soviet relations, but also a considerable strain in our relations with the Western powers." No wonder the Christian Democrats feel demoralized, disoriented and betrayed: They have been sacrificed in the name of a neutrality and non-interference in German politics which is, in fact, expediency all too flimsily disguised. □



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LETTER FROM SAN JUAN

# Unhappy Island

DAVID BRUDNOY

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, before he succumbed to radical chic, Leonard Bernstein wrote in his brilliant *West Side Story* a song called "America," in which two Puerto Rican girls contrast their views of the island they've left. One sings "Puerto Rico, you lovely island, island of tropical breezes, always the pineapple growing," while the other sneers, "Puerto Rico, you ugly island, island of tropic diseases . . . always the population growing." The visitor, like me for the past few weeks, tends to see only the first Puerto Rico, although a little simple investigation reveals the underside of this American commonwealth in the Caribbean.

Puerto Rico is in severe economic trouble. From 1950 to 1970, "Operation Bootstrap" helped raise the average family income from $1,500 to nearly $6,000, and boosted the Gross National Product from $775 million to $4.1 billion. But now a severe recession has hit the island. The population is indeed growing, and the two decades of economic growth have still left behind at least a quarter-million people in abject poverty, poverty so overpoweringly depressing that it makes even the most seedy Negro neighborhood in the United States look like Beverly Hills. In the slum "barrios," close by the huge modern towers in San Juan, hordes of people live in huts bathed in fetid water. And more than a half-million other Puerto Ricans live on food handouts on an island that, once able to provide all the food necessary for its inhabitants, must now import increasing percentages of agricultural produce.

Everyone, Yankee and native alike, complains about the incredible upturn in crime—theft, assault, murder, even in the tourist areas of Old San Juan. And all agree that, to some extent, the weakness of the Roman Catholic Church in Puerto Rico, as compared to its strength in most other Latin American states, accounts for the lack of a fully developed moral code that might restrain criminals. Cynical but perhaps experienced mainlanders who have lived for some years in San Juan told me that "every Puerto Rican is a thief"—without exception. I know they're wrong, but to what degree, I can't say. That the attitude of these Americans, who originally found the island so pleasant, has now changed drastically, must at least indicate a discernible increase in the sort of crime that drove many of them from New York in the first place. The police would not give me detailed crime statistics, but confirmed that the problem is now, as one police sergeant put it, "out of our hands and into those of God."

Attendant upon the upturn in crime is an even more pronounced growth in unemployment. Official statistics set unemployment at about 12 per cent, but knowledgeable Puerto Ricans laugh at that and set the figure at much closer to 30 per cent. Such a figure in the States would surely lead to mass anarchy, perhaps to the revolution which even our Great Depression of the Thirties did not occasion. In Puerto Rico, the sudden rise in unemployment has given renewed strength to the claims of the *Partido Independentista Puertorriqueño* (the Independence Party).

THE *Independentistas* have never been able to win more than about 5 per cent of the vote in the Commonwealth's elections, but they have accounted for a great deal of the trouble at the University of Puerto Rico of late, including last year's school close-down and a series of bombings and snipings, including some deaths. The *Independentistas* have grown more extreme in the past year or so. Where once they guaranteed to protect American investments and the holdings of mainlanders living in Puerto Rico, one faction of the Party, a suddenly more vociferous faction, now proposes nationalizing American holdings, and some openly call for throwing out the Yankees. They declare, not without some justification, that the prosperity of the Fifties and Sixties benefited primarily island-living mainlanders, only unionized workers among laborers, and the upper class. The latter group, by the way, contrary to propaganda about the island's "racial bliss," remains very light-skinned, disdainful of their darker fellows, and oriented toward the United States and Spain.

Independence for Puerto Rico would be economically catastrophic. Granting all the bad aspects, the island's standard of living is the highest of any in the Caribbean and, except for the present downturn, the trend has been toward remarkable prosperity. Independence would throw the whole burden of economic development on the islanders. The great many who now can, and do, scrape up enough money (less than $90) to fly to New York and collapse on to the welfare rolls, would no longer be able to do so. American industry lured to Puerto Rico by exceedingly generous tax exemptions and cheap labor would no longer be any better off on the island than in any of several other Latin American countries. No responsible Puerto Rican with whom I spoke expressed anything other than horror at the thought of independence. All prefer to retain the Commonwealth status, which is more advantageous for the island even than statehood, except that the three million *Puertorriqueños* cannot now vote in American federal elections.

BUT ECONOMIC reality in the long view is not nearly so important to the masses as is economic misery in their daily lives. Coupling the dreadful circumstances in which they find themselves —which, incredibly, an overwhelming number of residents indicated to a recent poll was caused by Puerto Ricans' own "laziness"—with their general ignorance of world conditions, the lowest sixth or so of the people become easy prey to the psychological appeal of the *Independentistas*: Throw out the Yankees and everything will be all right! It isn't so, but that it is thought to be so by more and more Puerto Ricans bodes ill for the immediate future of the island and of American-Puerto Rican relations. □

*David Brudnoy, a long-time contributor to* NR, *travels on his vacations from Northeastern University and Boston College.*



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WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

# Who's in Charge...

*. . . of the Lighght Brigade?*
*Or: If This Kind of Thing Happened in the Free Market, Socialism Would Be Respectable.*

A BRONXVILLE CORRESPONDENT wonders why the taxpayers of America should have to donate five hundred of their dollars to the poeoet who wrote "lighght," eighteen hundred of their dollars to the welfare mother of five for flunking a belly dancing course, four millions to the city of Cleveland for painting its garbage cans pink (or was it the garbage?), *x* billions to North Vietnam for quitting, and—and what will happen when the TAKERS outnumber the GIVERS?

Difficult questions all, even for us free-market whizzes. We phoned the Orifice of Economic Opportunists for expert assistance. They didn't know either, but promised to send a copy of the Federal Budget for fiscal 1973: all five volumes of it: shelf-width, 15 cm; mass, 5 kg; 2,217 pages of taxes. Which works out to $111 million a page—enough to finance approximately 100,000 poeoets and belly dancers, or maybe thirty million pink garbage cans. Per page. We get the unpleasant feeling that we won't have to wait long for an answer to that last question.

Senator Talmadge of Georgia has introduced a bill to legalize henocide. The idea is to subsidize commercial egg growers to kill hens whenever the price of eggs drops to tolerable levels, to prop up the price of the remaining eggs. Of course the producers could kill their hens without federal subsidies, but that might reduce the price of chicken to tolerable levels. The old chicken-and-egg dilemma.

This column is charged with devising free-market alternatives to such eggs-asperating problems of statecraft. After shedding so little light on the previous question, we gave this one intensive thoughghght and do believe we have the answer. Patriots! Buy the surplus eggs. And pitch them at Senator Talmadge.

Amtrak, the National Railroad Passenger Corporation, was created by Congress last year to Save the Passenger Train, i.e., doom it, after the fashion of Saving the Small Farm, the Urban Core, the Small Businessman and so on. A Midwestern friend, whose farmhouse adjoins a main route, says the change was instantly obvious. The train that passed by twice a day, on schedule, with two empty passenger cars, jumped to seven, then four, and now five empty passenger cars (one a dome car), on an erratic schedule. For some reason, Amtrak is running out of money a lot faster than Congress anticipated, and is now begging for 1.6 budget pages—$170 million—to survive till its first birthday.

Barry 1, the FAA O. On turning sixty some weeks ago, Senator Goldwater was advised by the Federal Aviation Administration that, per regulation, he must now fly with a qualified copilot. The Senator appointed, legally, as his official back-up, Ruth Reinhold, sixty-eight.

The last exotic specimen for study today is the "fairness doctrine" issued by the Federal Communications Commission. This doctrine, binding on the nation's six hundred odd TV stations (federal licensees all), states that when one side of a "controversial public issue" is broadcast, the station must make equal time available for airing the opposing viewpoint. Right away you know that a working majority of the FCC should be confined as incurably *bonkers*. Every issue is controversial; any controversy can breed any number of viewpoints, all of which may be wrong; paid viewpoints cannot compete with unpaid; the paid view may be the truth, in which case the FCC is responsible for the dissemination of error or immorality; the paid view may be false, but there is no guarantee the truth will emerge in free-time debates; the buyer of TV time is obliged to subsidize his opponents, adieu free speech; the TV station is obliged to surrender control of its broadcasting content (and lose revenues), adieu free press. Can you think of any stupider or unfairer policy? The FCC managed it. It extended the doctrine to include ordinary commercial advertising, to permit the launching of the federal antismoking crusade. Hundreds of millions of dollars worth of cigarette ads were then matched by "free" antismoking commercials. Cigarette consumption increased as usual.

CONGRESS stepped in next, and banned cigarette ads altogether, as of January 2, 1971. When the ads disappeared, so did most of the antismoking ads, since nobody was obliged to run them free any more. Cigarette consumption increased as usual. A legal question arose at once: If a station continued to broadcast antismoking ads, was it not—in fairness—obligated to make free time available to prosmoking views? The answer (U.S. Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit, Richmond, Va.): it's up to the stations; which is to say, no. "It is reasonable for a licensee to assume that the detrimental effects of cigarette smoking on health are *beyond controversy*" (emphasis added). Another legal question then arose. Can antipollution crusaders claim free time to reply to automobile advertising?—if smoking is beyond controversy, then surely driving a car is too. Another appeals court shot that one down: Owning a car is officially controversial. Not so that Ford would get free time to rebut Chevy. Not so that airlines would get free time to fight Detroit. But so that the ecofreaks would get free time to harry alleged polluters. The FCC, meanwhile, is trying to get the ban on cigarette advertising lifted so that *anti*-smoking ads can resume in earnest. Such is the progressive insanity that follows a major state intervention into free markets. It probably won't help your digestion to note that the government continues to subsidize the tobacco farmers. See you at the Tea Party! □

*William F. Rickenbacker is Editor of the* Rickenbacker Report, *an investment advisory service.*



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RUSSELL KIRK

# Killing with Regulatory Kindness

DESPITE the conquest of American education generally by bureaucracy, there survive in this land some thousands of little independent specialized schools—private proprietorships, offering specialized training in music, business skills, flying, wrestling, crafts, dancing, industrial vocations, and high-school subjects for adults. (I distinguish here between these "proprietary" schools on the one hand, and the school systems operated by churches or the independent biggish boarding schools or day schools, on the other.) Now the survival of small proprietary schools is in question.

The proprietary schools are commercial undertakings, receiving no state or federal grants, ordinarily possessing scant capital, and often consisting of a single teacher (the proprietor) or of a proprietor with two or three assistants or associates. Usually they are efficiently run, and offer valuable services. Why not let them be?

Yet a movement is under way to regulate and license and supervise these specialized schools, through new state agencies, which may impose upon them serious financial and administrative burdens. Already, in Indiana and Texas, state regulatory commissions have been created to worry them.

In self-defense, small proprietors of specialized schools have organized Private Teachers International (Mr. Loren Yaggy, Acting President, 2420 S. Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Indiana). Mr. Yaggy wrote to the Indiana Private School Accrediting Commission, an official body with vast and vague powers, inquiring how the new regulatory act will be administered.

The Commission's executive director replied that the Commission does not intend to regulate schools offering dance, karate, music, art, golf etc.—although the new Public Law 313 sets no such bounds to the Commission's authority. The objects of the new regulatory statute, according to the executive director, are three:

"First, it was designed to improve the quality of schools attempting to train young people in trade, technical, business, mechanical or occupational education.

"Secondly, it was designed to upgrade the future development of occupational education within Indiana and enable a school to qualify for federal and/or state programs that would assist those young people to secure an education which might otherwise be unavailable to them.

"Thirdly, it was designed to enable the Commission to deny accreditation or discipline the unethical operator who attempted to defraud the citizens of Indiana or who, in fact, had been cheated." (This last sentence doesn't seem to make sense, but that's the Commission's jargon, verbatim.)

This is interesting reasoning, and the logic behind the Texas statute is similar. First, how has it become the business of a state government to improve *private* schools? Presumably it is to the advantage of such schools to improve quality themselves. And these state commissions offer private schools no services or funds that would bring about qualitative improvement—they merely possess power to kick those schools around.

Second, the intention is to enable proprietary schools to qualify for governmental grants and services. But what if the private proprietors prefer to be left alone—to remain private? Isn't it to the advantage of the state that such schools aren't demanding governmental largesse?

Third, the declared purpose of such statutes is to prevent or punish fraud against students who contract with such schools. But remedies at law for such offenses already exist in Indiana, Texas and every other state—both through civil suits against the alleged "unethical operator," and through criminal prosecution for fraud. The Indiana Commission's executive director has stated in public addresses that there are not many fraudulent proprietors of schools, true, but "it is sometimes necessary to use a sledgehammer to catch a fly." What an unhappy metaphor! Perhaps the executive director was defrauded in his own education—by some public school. I do hope he doesn't resort to the Sledgehammer Method when troubled by insects in the Commission's offices.

In both Texas and Indiana, all "proprietary schools"—even those consisting of a single instructor—are required to post a surety bond for $25,000. That's oppressive for a tiny undertaking, perhaps ruinous. In San Antonio, the Fixed Base Operators Association (aviation instructors) protest that they can't even obtain such bonds, for insurance companies generally require that for a bond of such an amount, the applicant must possess a capital of at least $125,000—which exceeds the resources of the little flying schools and similar undertakings.

It's not merely the dancing instructors and music teachers and such who may be pushed to the wall by these regulations; for the power over all nonpublic schools under these statutes is almost unlimited; it is not even clear whether nonprofit foundations, like the parochial schools, are exempted from the Texas statute. There exists reason to believe that the phrasing of the statutes is *deliberately* vague.

TO THE governor of Texas, there writes a member of the Texas House of Representatives, Mr. Nelson W. Wolff. "Several provisions of the bill seem to be quite ambiguous," Representative Wolff remarks. "For instance, the bill as written could apply to one teacher and one student and requires a surety bond of $25,000 of the teacher. There is a lack of clarity as to whether nonprofit schools are covered by the act. . . . As written, it is putting an enormous burden on those people attempting to teach small groups of students in various fields."

Amen to that. If this is done in the green tree, what will be done in the dry? Already some Indiana legislators have second thoughts about the act they passed last year. Repeal would be better than amendment. For there exist educational planners who would like to end the independence of such proprietary schools as hold out against the dogmas of Holy Bureaucracy. □



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# BOOKS

## Peppery Paladin

*The Patton Papers, 1885-1940*
*Edited by Martin Blumenson*
*Houghton Mifflin, 996 pp., $15*

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

There was far more to General George S. Patton Jr. than met the eye. Fortunately, much of it can now be found in this massive edition of the Patton papers. From his earliest years America's most peppery paladin was a chronic scribbler. By the time of his death, there were enough notebooks, letters, diaries, essays, lectures and articles to fill over fifty filing cabinets—perhaps the richest lode of source material left behind by any of the giants of World War II, and certainly the most candid.

Patton's personality was an odd blend of Victorian idealism and primitive knight errantry, with a good shot of flatulent Wagnerian posturing thrown in. Its more fantastic aspects obscured his considerable substance. For every minute spent in public swaggering there were hours of work, study, writing and creative military thinking. Despite a few overstated bits of theory—especially those propounded on behalf of his beloved horse cavalry in its waning days between the wars—Patton was a remarkably lucid, adaptable military thinker. Even his romanticism was an asset, for had he not brought the aggressive dash of the *beau sabreur* into mechanized warfare, its potential might not have been so fully realized by America in World War II.

False public humility was never one of his failings. In a schoolboy notebook he wrote of Themistocles that, "He was eggotistical [sic] and had a right to be," whereas Cimon's "ideals were greater than Themistocles', but *he* was not." In other words, if you have it, flaunt it, but remember that great ideals require great strength if they are to count for anything. Almost every page of his papers betrays Patton's burning desire for greatness and his obsessive fear of failure. At nineteen he would already write despairingly that, "I amount to very little more than when I was a baby. . . . I just had to grow old [!] and be oppressed with the knowledge of how little I have done." And, in a letter written to his parents a few years later: "I am different from other men my age. All they want to do is to live happily and die old. I would be willing to live in torture, die tomorrow if for one day I could be truly great."

Death would be a long time coming, but Patton experienced plenty of torture—the torture of doubt—as he slowly advanced his army career in an America that shamelessly neglected national defense in the Twenties and Thirties. He drove himself to the limit, physically and mentally, so it is little surprise that he expected their best from men serving under him, whether on the parade ground or launching an attack of primitive Renault tanks against the Germans in the Great War. Even his seemingly petty emphasis on spit, polish and snappy saluting was a part of this drive for perfection. Smartness, Patton maintained, was an outward manifestation of soldierly pride. Take away that pride and you had nothing but a crowd of intellectually and morally mediocre individuals who would think of themselves rather than their duty when the crunch came.

Patton's reputation as a sportsman was consciously built up as a part of this soldierly pride. His excellent performance in the 1912 Olympics and his lifelong dedication to horsemanship both reflected it. As I write this, a few blocks from the Woodland Drive home where the Pattons lived during one of their tours of duty in the Washington area, it is easy to picture George Patton, stiff and scowling to mask his inner feelings, riding one of his horses at the old Wardman Park Saddle Club. On at least one occasion, after losing a close competition, a startled spectator would stumble on him beating his horse—"punishing" it, no doubt, for failing to do its best. Yet the same man was capable of staying up all night to nurse a dying colt and later write a touching account of it in a letter to his wife, Beatrice, who was a quite admirable woman in her own right.

Mr. Blumenson speculates on the fierce bursts of temper that characterized Patton's middle and later years, noting

**Aram Bakshian Jr.** *is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C. . . .* **Keith Mano**'*s latest is* The Proselytizer. . . . **Jeffrey Hart** *is a Professor of English at Dartmouth. . . .* **Stefan Possony** *is Director of the International Political Studies Program at the Hoover Institution.*



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that while they did irreparable damage to his public image, they always abated quickly and never interfered with his performance of duty. He suggests that they may have been the result of subdural haematoma (a sort of punch drunkenness resulting in personality changes and conceivably caused by Patton's many head injuries incurred riding and fighting).

Tantrums and intemperate remarks, thanks to a hostile press, would ultimately prove his undoing. His father, a mild-mannered, sensitive man quite unlike, but adored by, his warrior son, was one of the first to spot the problem. "The temptation to say smart or striking things is hard to resist," he warned young George, "and it is only the next day that cold reason condemns."

It was a wasted warning. Patton's great strengths were inseparably bound together with his quirks of temperament, but more than worth the price. "If a man thinks war long enough it is bound to effect [sic] him in a good way," he wrote to an obscure younger officer named Eisenhower in 1926, and, insofar as Patton's record as a commander is concerned, the maxim held true. It has often been remarked that he was born too late—that he should have donned sword and chainmail with the Knights Templar or galloped into battle with Murat or Ney. For his own happiness, perhaps he should have. My own suspicion is that he was born too early rather than too late. We will need more than one commander of his mettle in any "volunteer" army of the future, composed as it must be of rank-and-file of a low order. If our society is no longer capable of producing George Pattons when that day comes, so much the worse for us.

Meanwhile, one hopes that the grand original has access to a decent stable and a good military history library in his cosmic garrison, and that celestial regulations are sufficiently flexible to allow him to lead an occasional cavalry charge, at the gallop with naked steel, across Elysian fields temporarily cleared of all nonmilitary personnel. It is a privilege he amply earned.

Mr. Blumenson, a thorough, capable military historian, deserves praise for letting the Patton papers do most of the talking, and for providing a concise, sound linking narrative. One looks forward to Volume II, which will take up the story in 1940, on the brink of Patton's greatness. □

# FICTION

*An Accidental Man*
*By Iris Murdoch*
*Viking, 442 pp., $7.95*

*Girl, 20*
*By Kingsley Amis*
*Harcourt, 253 pp., $5.95*

## ENORMOUS TRIFLES

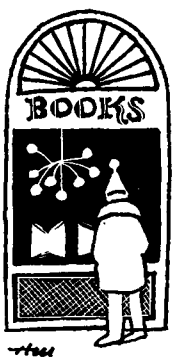
### D. KEITH MANO

*An Accidental Man* and *Girl, 20* might be semidetached houses in the same decaying neighborhood. Any number of characters from *Girl, 20* could make cameo appearances in *An Accidental Man* without causing major stylistic or intentional disturbances, and the visits could be returned just as conveniently. *An Accidental Man* is very much larger, with more magnificent rooms (and also many more of Dr. Johnson's dirty, narrow connecting corridors), but some of the wings relate to the main house only via a detour out the French doors, through the garden, in at a window. *Girl, 20* is less prepossessing because smaller, more easily comprehended. One has to suppose there are high attics of thought, deep cellars of primitive instinct in *An Accidental Man* that the reader has failed somehow to examine. Iris Murdoch gets the benefit of doubt, undeservedly. Kingsley Amis gets no benefits at all, quite deservedly. Neither book is important.

These are meant to be comic novels. Very roughly speaking there are two schools of British comedy: the Waugh and the Wodehouse. In the latter no one ever dies or gets seriously injured, world history does not pertain, there is no idea content whatever. In the Waugh school characters suffer. Waugh, for instance, will describe a delightfully hilarious fox hunt—and a young child will be kicked dead by a horse in the last sentence of the last paragraph of the chapter. These deaths always seem particularly gratuitous. A reader tends to suspect that his laughter has been used cynically to set up the shock of sudden death or gory dismemberment. And often enough probably this instinct is correct. Both Murdoch and Amis opt for the Waugh school. Their comedy is seeded with unfortunate events, chiefly accidents unrelated, or just barely related, to character and motive. Murdoch is more successful, more controlled. She is often very funny. Amis, unhappily, has a Wodehouse style to complement his Waugh aspirations. That is: six strained comic similes in six successive sentences, with perhaps one direct hit in ten or twelve.

Both novels have their accidental men. From these prime movers and their accidents a massive congeries of events, relationships, subplots ripples outward. Yet both men are tedious and unattractive. Austin, in *An Accidental Man* is incompetent, a drunkard, vaguely winning, vaguely sinister (he has perhaps murdered). Roy, in *Girl, 20* is a Bernstein sort of conductor-musician-popularizer who is easily mau-maued by youth, a family wrecker, an admirer of nubile bodies. In the first case one cannot understand why 25 characters allow themselves to become embroiled and bothered. In the other case one cannot understand why ten or twelve characters (including the first-person teller) allow themselves to become embroiled and bothered. Both novelists have made poor initial choices. Disbelief is suspended very unwillingly.

Iris Murdoch's novel serves as an exploding of the free will theory. The indictment is ponderous, extensive and, of course, quite unfairly weighted. No character's page one expectations have been answered by page four hundred. Each has to compromise, surrender, reconstitute his or her hopes. Suicides are flubbed; death and manslaughter occur in an offhand, unmotivated manner; chance acquaints men and women with strange bedfellows. And every character, despite differing intelligences, differing social backgrounds, is a superb letter writer. Much of the plot is delivered by post.




Iris Murdoch does two very entertaining and emblematic sets of party dialogue: for pages there is line after line of unannounced speaking. Individual voices are lost. Like the children's game where a sentence is whispered from ear to ear until meaning is distorted, ideas, opinions fade and pop up again recostumed. This is funny, quite the best thing in *An Accidental Man*. Yet the party confusion is the book's confusion: *An Accidental Man* could have been a hundred pages and half-a-dozen characters shorter. But perhaps Iris Murdoch intended her



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novel to have the weight and size, the tedium and juggernaut quality of civilization at large. If so, her achievement is Pyrrhic.

WERE IT NOT such a godawful dud, there would be much in *Girl, 20* to please a conservative. Amis comes down heavily—very heavily, pompously, sentimentally—in favor of the traditional virtues, societal and musical. His Leonard Bernstein character is a promising vehicle for satire: he woos the younger generation and gets a precious Stradivarius broken for his efforts. His selfishness, his grotesque love affair with a girl, seventeen, causes his unstable daughter to take heroin. But the satire is woefully predictable, overwritten. The celebration of traditional virtues has a George Wallace knee-jerk hollowness. Moreover—and this cannot be forgiven—the book is marvelously unfunny. An excerpt will suggest why.

> Vowing weakly to dig out the popular-psychology paperback I was nearly sure I still had in a cupboard at the flat, and to drop the volume unopened into the Regent's Canal at an early opportunity, I prepared for a closer look at Penny, but had to defer this for the time being when Gilbert drove out of the parking area like an international ace leaving the pits at Le Mans (or somewhere) and snapped my head back against the cushions. More delay supervened while he took us into a tight fast semi-circle that held me against the door on my side at a pressure of several Gs and sprawled Penny horizontally across my lap, which was all right. [p. 84]

Except for the last four words the paragraph is elephantine and bloated. Wodehouse could get away with it because he has no pretensions either to literature or to ultimate ideas. Amis has pretensions, but his style discredits the validity of whatever, if anything, he had meant to say about life and art.

Neither book is writerly. The language is not improved or rejuvenated. Idea in metaphor does not reinforce an intellectual content. Iris Murdoch is too preoccupied with her immense family; she can barely contrive accidents enough to go around. Kingsley Amis, in this book, at least, is outrageously self-indulgent, out of control. After two hours reading in either case I wondered a) why I had been made to waste even that much time on insignificant, barely entertaining matters, b) how Amis and Murdoch, intelligent, noted writers, could commit nine months, a year, two years, whatever of their lives to such enormous trifles. □

*The Devil in the Fire*
*By John Aldridge*
*Harpers Magazine Press, 364 pp., $12.50*

## DEVIL OUT OF THE FIRE

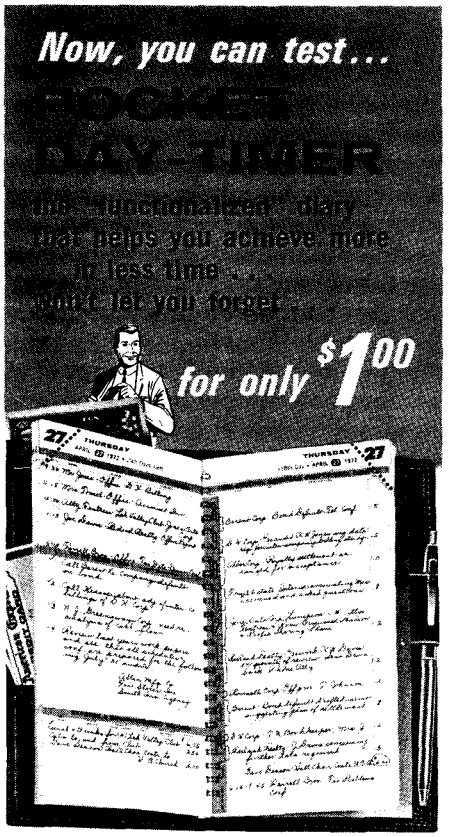
JEFFREY HART

John Aldridge has an absolutely first-rate critical mind. He has also done something quite rare: he has committed himself to bringing that mind to bear on American novels as they have appeared—putting his judgments on the line—in the 25 years since World War II. And his judgments have held up. Yet he occupies an odd and uncomfortable position in our literary culture. The title of his present volume alludes to this, and it is drawn from a sentence of Norman Mailer's: "Nonetheless, he was obliged to be aware that he provoked the issue endlessly—better to be the devil in the fire."

Aldridge indeed has provoked the issue over the past 25 years. And yet, since he has been correct, perhaps he would not really have wanted to have been the devil in the fire. But what has been the provocative issue here?

It can be put briefly: the failure of the American novel, 1945-1971. That is a substantial body of failed literature. And bound up with it has been a great deal of cultural capital, not to mention capital in the ordinary sense, as well as the status hopes of one or another person or group. And yet there was Aldridge, saying no to Styron and no to Bellow, and, worse, making it stick. The present volume pulls together the case he has been making over the years and does so with finality.

AS A practicing critic, Aldridge's standard is set by the fiction which emerged after World War I. He is of course catholic in his tastes and he knows about the whole range of the novel, but what really has established itself for him is the literary renaissance of the Twenties and Thirties—and, really, Hemingway and Fitzgerald. As against that standard he measures the notable novelists of the past 25 years: Mailer, Cheever, Malamud, Jones, McCarthy, Bellow, Styron, Vidal, Updike and so on. And when he moves from the earlier period to the latter what emerges is not only an account of fail-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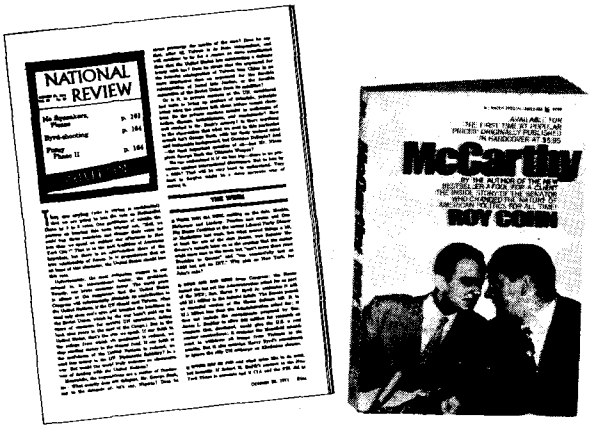


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# RANDOM NOTES

■ JUST OUT: *The Wit and Wisdom of Archie Bunker* is a paperback original that just might turn out to be the campaign book of the year (Popular Library, 95 cents). . . . *Cicero* is a biography by Michigan Latinist D. R. Shackleton Bailey (Scribners, $10). . . . Walter Henry Nelson's *Germany Rearmed* deals with both West and East regimes (Simon & Schuster, $8.95). From the same house comes Robert Stephens' big biography of *Nasser* ($12.95). . . . Hilda Lewis' new historical novel, *I Am Mary Tudor*, is getting nice notices (McKay, $6.95).

*To Gamble or Not To Gamble* is a survey of the whole syndrome by Walter Wagner (World, $9.95). . . . Sir Francis Chichester celebrated his seventieth year with a four-thousand-mile solo sail off the African coast, recounts the saga in *The Romantic Challenge* (Coward, $7.95). . . . Marcuse admits the revolution may take a century in *Counter-revolution and Revolt* (Beacon, $7.50).

■ APRIL AT DOUBLEDAY. Taylor Caldwell's new novel, *Captains and the Kings*, is about an Irish immigrant family said to resemble the Clan ($8.95). . . . Budd Schulberg toasts Clay/Ali in *Loser and Still Champion* ($5.95). . . . Gerold Frank's *An American Death* is subtitled "The True Story of the Assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr." ($10). . . . John Dornberg, *Newsweek* bureau chief in Moscow, reviews the post-Stalin era, calls the rehabilitation of Good Old Joe the big story in *The New Tsars* ($6.95). . . . Sci-fi writer Philip José Farmer chronicles *The Private Life of Tarzan* ($5.95).

■ MAY BOOKS: *Acupuncture* was inevitable. Marc Duke is the author (Pyramid House, $6.95). . . . *No Name in the Street* is James Baldwin's latest nonfiction effort (Dial, $5.95). . . . *The Service*, widely heralded memoirs of ex-boss of German intelligence General Reinhard Gehlen, is sure to be one of the most discussed books to come out of WWII (World, $10). From the same house, sportswriter Barney Nagler surveys the awesome, sad career of Joe Louis in *Brown Bomber* ($7.95). . . . Father Andrew Greeley, now batting them out at the rate of one or more a year, profiles his own in *That Most Distressful Nation: The Taming of the American Irish* (Quadrangle, $8.95).

First time in English: a collection of studies from Germany's Institute for Contemporary History entitled *Republic to Reich: The Making of the Nazi Revolution* (Pantheon, $10). . . . New edition of *To the Finland Station* includes appendices from the original edition (later dropped) and a new introduction by Edmund Wilson (Farrar, $15; paper, $4.50). . . . Richard J. Whalen, ex-Nixon staffer, offers no kisses but lots of tell about The Boss in *Catch the Falling Flag* (Houghton, $6.95).

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ure—convincingly specified—but also the recognition that the latter group has been producing, as it were, a different *kind* of thing: "Altogether lacking in the power to educate and transform." Critically speaking, it is simply impossible to say: "Hemingway and Bellow."

ALDRIDGE offers an historical hypothesis to explain the disproportion. The older writers, he suggests, stood between earlier and more stable values and the modern chaos. "The virtues of an older and simpler age, the frontier virtues of honesty, dignity, industry, and thrift were essential to the creation of the kind of writer Fitzgerald was. . . . But they were also essential to the creation of that whole group of writers who produced the best literature of the period between the two wars." The earlier writers were living, and dangerously, on their cultural capital. After World War II, the latter group had none to live on: "They could remember nothing but domestic unrest, fumblings at peace conferences, Asiatic invasions, and South American revolutions. They came to consciousness in the midst of breadlines, strikes and milk riots. . . . The events leading up to the war had made more demands on the imagination than the imagination could bear."

Maybe so. The assertion is so large that it would be difficult to prove or refute. The odd thing is that when Aldridge begins to operate as a critic and examine particular examples he tends to undermine this thesis somewhat, for the failures are both various and, often, quite mundane. They do not seem to engage—though perhaps in the end they do—that large generalization.

Mary McCarthy, he shows, is deficient in both feeling and courage. "For what was finally troublesome about *The Group* was the disparity between the sophistication of its style and tone and the essential banality of its perceptions of life. . . . When the


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action lapses for Miss McCarthy, she starts making lists, and she does this not only because she has momentarily lost the thread of her narrative but because she cannot cope with emotion." She is, also, in mortal fear of appearing unfashionable.

But other failures seem quite different. "Miss Porter occupies today a most peculiar position. She is widely recognized as a creative artist of almost awesome fastidiousness, whose very paucity of production has come to be regarded as the mark of a talent so fine that it can scarcely bring itself to function." James T. Farrell: "Even in middle age, while flying in a plane from Los Angeles to New York or talking with a Russian official in Vienna, he tells us that his mind was not there, was not absorbing and recording fresh experience; it was back in the childhood world of his first and only truth with 'Old Tom and Mary O'Flaherty, Jim and Liz O'Neill, Aunt Margaret, Aunt Louise, Uncle Al, Little Danny'." He dissects Styron's redaction of Faulkner, Hemingway, Wolfe, Jackson and just about everybody else. On *Herzog*: "At the end the novel heaves a fatty sigh of middle-class intellectual contentment. 'I am pretty well satisfied,' muses Herzog in his lawn chair, 'to be, to be just as it is willed, for as long as I may remain in occupancy.' And we sense that Herzog will be a long time in occupancy."

From this *Peri-Bathous* Aldridge partially exempts some of the later Mailer, and Updike's Bech stories, but the over-all demonstration is completely

convincing. Convincing not so much as support for an over-all historical generalization, but as a dissection of a failure of artistic will, moral courage, intellect, organizing capacity and so on. All too human. And for the counter-image to such failure, Aldridge includes his perceptive—weak word—and, yes, even in literary criticism, deeply moving essays on Hemingway and Fitzgerald. □

*Power through Subversion*
*By Laurence W. Beilenson*
*Public Affairs, 299 pp., $8*

## GLOBAL SUBVERSION

STEFAN T. POSSONY

In *The Treaty Trap* (1969) Laurence W. Beilenson demonstrated that nearly all of the thousand-odd alliance and peace treaties concluded between 1661 and 1965 were broken. Now, he presents the first world history of subversion: a pioneering tour de force. Subversion is as old and important as diplomacy, espionage and war. Yet since the subject lacks decorum, historians have ignored it, and Americans learn only that truncated history from which subversion is excised.

Among the practitioners of subversion or political warfare were Absalom, Philip of Macedon, Machiavelli, the Jesuits, Philip II, Elizabeth I, Richelieu, Louis XIV, Louis XI, Louis XVI, Pitt, Napoleon, Castlereagh, Palmerston, even Queen Victoria, Nicholas I, Bismarck, Nicholas II, as well as Benjamin Franklin and the two Roosevelts. Lenin whom the author considers uninventive in everything else was the foremost exponent of the art.

A gigantic subject. Fortunately the author has the gift of conciseness and simplification. Beilenson distinguishes between influencing and decisive subversion. The first serves to influence a foreign government without overthrowing it. The second is defined as "the use of means other than external war with intent to overthrow a government in all or part of its territories." Since "government is a sometime thing" and troubles never cease, subversive techniques are widely applicable.

Traditional external subversion operates for short periods against one or few governments. It "is never the major tool of world conquest . . . and is subordinated to war as the main striking tool." By contrast, subversion in the Leninist mold is the major tool of a strategy aimed at world domination.

Traditional subverters turn "the tap on and off in accordance with . . . shifting interests, without regard to the interests of the dissidents" they are supporting. By helping the American revolutionists, French Foreign Minister Vergennes changed his custom and became a major innovator. "He neither exacted nor expected" a quid pro quo of "tangible



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short-term benefits to France." In supporting a movement that was ideologically hostile to the system he himself represented, his objective was to weaken Britain permanently. The British subversion of South America against Spain was based on the same rationale. Canning explained he "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old."

LENIN WAS the second major modernizer of subversion. A student, observer and participant of many revolutions, he "understood the lessons of subversive history." He knew all about propaganda and "furnishing money, arms, supplies, or other help to . . . dissidents." He rejected none of the time-tested techniques. Lenin adapted subversion to modern circumstances by embarking on global, protracted and interconnected subversive operations.

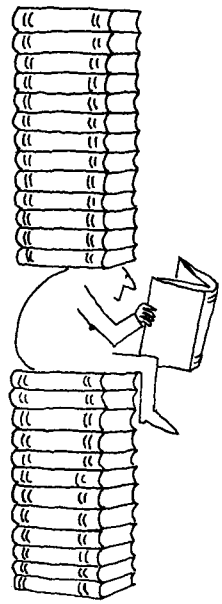
Global subversion compensates for the unpredictability of the *where* and *when* of overthrow, and it capitalizes on "the predictability that overthrow will occur almost everywhere sooner or later." Sustained subversion is designed to make a target government gradually "ripe for overthrow." By linking the different political warfare undertakings, subverters are made to support one another internationally.

External subversion does not necessarily involve money and matériel, but propaganda support is virtually always offered. "The common ideological interest of Communist external and internal subverters not only keeps the flow more steady than in traditional subversion, but also encourages the Communist internal dissidents," even when aid is not provided. However, Lenin, emulating the "opportunism of traditional subversion," was forever ready to utilize ideologies that diverged from Communism.

External subversion is not always necessary for internal overthrow but the mere expectation of foreign assistance inspires would-be revolutionaries. Help from abroad is "a potent factor of success." Continuing a tradition that started during the sixteenth century, Lenin employed embassies for the management of subversion. "To accelerate the development of events toward world revolution," Communist parties "subvert all over the world."

This global and protracted subversion is predicated on support and direction from a power base. Hence Lenin regarded preservation of the USSR as the prerequisite of his entire strategy and rejected any offensive war through which the operational base could be endangered. He did espouse revolutionary war, which comes mainly in the offensive mode. To win final victory, Leninists should wage such a war; but *not* before Communist strength is "indisputably superior," as one Soviet general recently put it. Subversion is needed to gain military superiority.

Brezhnev, it should be added, adjusted Lenin's doctrine to the nuclear age. The USSR is building a deterrent force whose function it is to preclude *any* major war that cannot be fought on Soviet terms. By additionally striving for a first-strike capability, with effective defenses to protect the base, the option is acquired of fighting offensive wars that would *not* be adventurous. Meanwhile, the deterrent force facilitates the practice of global subversion.



Mao Tse-tung modified Lenin's doctrine by expanding subversion to include people's war. The author, I believe, underrates Mao's significance. Guerrilla war does date back for more than two thousand years, especially in China, but people's war is a cross between war and subversion. It must not be mistaken for mere guerrilla warfare.

THE TOOL of subversion is available to whoever wants to employ it. Mr. Beilenson suggests that the United States try its hand at waging political warfare effectively.

> If the United States chooses not to subvert against the Communist rulers, the contest can terminate favorably only if the Soviet and Chinese governments are overthrown without outside help or if they mellow at the top. . . . If the United States gives sustained help to dissidents in every Communist country, the rulers are more likely to abandon [Leninist strategy] than if left undisturbed. . . . It is time to begin to end the Communist rulers' power through subversion by exerting our own power through subversion.

The author is right: one cannot prevail in conflict if one allows the op-

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ponent to use a decisive weapon system unilaterally. The United States would be defeated if it yielded space to the USSR. It would equally be defeated if it allowed the USSR to keep its near-monopoly in subversion.

Mr. Beilenson has done a superb research job. More significantly, he has written an intelligent book that opens up new perspectives for American security. □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE REVENGE OF HEAVEN: *Journal of a Young Chinese, by Ken Ling (Putnam, 413 pp., $8.95).* "Gangsters became 'Red Guards' at night, practicing extortion on lovers in the parks and dark alleys and committing robbery. . . . It was the beginning of a descent into chaos. . . . The popular saying of the day became: 'The uglier one is, the better; the poorer one's family, the better; the redder one's background, the better'." "Ken Ling"—the pseudonym of a teen-age ex-Red Guard—knows, and, aided by three American scholars, tells a chilling, horrifying tale of what life during the Red Chinese "Cultural Revolution" was like. This book is first-rate reportage; it is incomparably the best "inside" modern China book I've yet read. "Ken Ling" is obviously a highly intelligent young man, one who, like millions of his countrymen, fell for (most, evidently, still fall for) the madness of Mao's Paradise-in-training. He shows us the utter regimentation, even the regimentation of chaos, that typified Red China in the mid-Sixties. He recounts a devastating litany of murder, suicide, systematic stealing, revealing what the "disease of 'leftist juvenilism'" was like, graphically depicting a nation where youths were turned against their elders and against each other. The Cultural Revolution purges eventually extended to Mao's enemies in the Party hierarchy, but first they started with the school teachers: "They all wore dunce caps painted with . . . epithets and carried dirty brooms. . . . Hanging from their necks were pails filled with rocks. I saw the principal; the pail around his neck was so heavy that the wire had cut deep into his neck. Beatings and torture followed. I had never seen such tortures before: eating nightsoil [excrement] and insects; being subjected to electrical shocks; forced to kneel on broken glass; being hanged 'airplane' by the arms and legs." Of course, as everyone knows, and as such objective observers as John Stewart Service recently told us in the *Times*, everything is perfect now. One hopes that Mr. Nixon had a pleasant weekend in Paradise. D. BRUDNOY

WINDS OF WAR, *by Herman Wouk (Little, Brown, 885 pp., $10).* The time: 1939 to Pearl Harbor. The theme: the causes of World War II. The cast: Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, Hitler and—Naval Commander Pug Henry. And that's the trouble with the novel. Henry, despite the space devoted to him, remains a device, his primary function as Roosevelt's emissary being to introduce us to actual historical figures, in comparison with whom he seems singularly insignificant. And similarly insignificant is the secondary theme, the effect of the war on Henry and his family, juxtaposed as it is with the effects of the war on the whole world. But Henry and his family do get themselves into the right places at the right times, and through their eyes we watch Hitler eat, Stalin smoke, Churchill drink and Roosevelt mix martinis. Wouk tells us little about these characters we don't already know, but occasionally he makes us think about things in a slightly different way—how much did the fact of being a cripple have to do with Roosevelt's picture of himself and his role, for instance? Had Wouk limited himself to a novelistic study of the four great leaders of World War II—*Winds of War* could have been an important step toward the revitalization of the American historical novel. But, unfortunately, the novel is heavy with creative writing techniques and plot demands, with the result that World War II too often seems to assume the same cosmic significance as the adultery of Henry's wife. P. S. COYNE

COLERIDGE, THE DAMAGED ARCHANGEL, *by Norman Fruman (Braziller, 606 pp., $12.50).* I began this book with the firm conviction that I was not going to like it. For one thing, it not only smacks of but, in fact, exemplifies a particularly virulent (Freudian) form of the personal heresy in criticism. For another, I had just finished reading a really first-rate book on Coleridge, by Owen Barfield, and it struck me that Professor Fruman suffered by comparison both in the elegance of his prose and the relevance of his commentary. But (granting that his prose remains obdurately inelegant) I eventually gave up quarreling with Professor Fruman for writing his own book rather than mine or Mr. Barfield's, and believing that the personal heresy is inevitable, decided to relax and enjoy it. Professor Fruman's book is, on its own terms, a good job—so good, in fact, that one feels a sense of indecency in shearing off Coleridge's defenses and exposing to the winds of criticism—still more those of history—the shivering lamb that is left. For those who enjoy what is these days called "psychological in-depth reporting" applied to a confused and confusing figure, the book can be recommended. It will not, of course, increase one's understanding of Coleridge's philosophy, or even very much of his poetry—but it is an immense and erudite undertaking and a fascinating literary detective story. I would not call it a labor of love. J. C. LOBDELL



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# Arts & Manners

## SCENES

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

# Through the Rabbit Hole

Occasionally I have wondered—what does "raw-boned" mean? (Is the antonym "cooked," or "ripe-boned"?) Now I know. Nobody could describe John Kenneth Galbraith as anything else. Gaunt, raw-boned and interminable; one can see icicles form on his head as it hovers in the clouds.

Galbraith presided over a meeting of the "theater of ideas," a group of up to a hundred New York intellectuals who meet semiprivately for avant-garde discussions.* Always trenchant, often witty, Galbraith was also elaborately fair. To his left he had Prof. Vassily Leontieff (Harvard) whose technical contributions to economics I have long admired, Leontieff had a jolting manner of haranguing the perhaps sixty people in the grubby but intimate room, as though he were addressing a vast mass in a windy square. No contact with his surroundings. The content of his stentorian declamation bore out this observation, which verges on (or can be escalated into) a diagnosis. Leontieff spoke about politics, to reveal a dusty, netherworldly Marxism; and: Nixon just continues Johnson's policies in Southeast Asia; more so. Indeed, no contact with people, or reality. Such persons live in a meta-world where many perform, prodigiously, manipulating abstractions. Often useful they can be harmful when they try to manipulate the real world without noticing the difference.

Jean-François Revel was there to defend his current *Without Marx or Jesus.* Not yet portly though florid; red-faced, blue-eyed, rimless glasses; acute, cheerful, warm—quite Gallic. Unlike most of his critics, Revel had read his book. It turned out to be a disadvantage. Although he tirelessly reiterated that he had not written what he was being criticized for, it didn't do him any good. The critics thought it a trifling objection, to be ignored. M. Revel seemed a little puzzled.

Revel was flanked by Eugene McCarthy. Chalky-faced with dramatically

black brows and hair, the former senator looked like an actor gone to seed in some intangible way (he was elegantly dressed). He spoke at length—or so it seemed. A soft, yet cold disinvolvement—his reaction to ambition unfulfilled and self-repudiated. Unreconciled to playing the *père noble* part assigned to him. Obviously an honest man, he tries hard to remain so; too hard: the effort seems to consume all his intellectual energy. And yet he is not without ambiguity; he needs applause—which tends to corrupt far more than power. His fading sentences sported verbs, nouns, adjectives; but no meaning. Those who made him their hero must have had remarkable imaginative powers. Perhaps he served as a Rorschach test; they projected their wants and hopes on to a muddled blot.

Now the audience, straining at the leash, was given its head. The matriarch of Women's Lib rose for a long, impassioned discourse. She proved women can be liberated from coherence: one more constraint gone.

AN HISTORIAN followed. With stern scholarship he attempted to define "revolution"—only to lose himself meandering endlessly through his own erudition. The middle-aged lady who followed him gave no allegiance to scholarship or definition. She protested at length (nobody was short) that, far from progressively improving as she thought Revel thought, America was headed toward, nay, already was, a fascist society. Draft resisters are jailed, convicts are dissatisfied and bloodily subdued when rebelling (despite hostages), young men are unable to travel freely . . . if that isn't fascism . . . Revel, still with his puzzled air, inquired whether young Americans cannot travel freely. "Not if they are drafted, or have no money," she replied with steely indignation. Nobody laughed. Did people prefer to ignore her, or did they agree? I was to find out shortly.

A pretty young man, identified by dress and verbal mannerisms as part of the Movement, spoke seriously and intelligently. And oddly. He was worried: what people did today was the result of corporate decisions made years ago. What young people would do ten years from now would be the result of present decisions by the directors of corporations. He was sincerely worried. No one told him that present actions necessarily are the outcome, in great part, of past decisions made by individuals, groups, governments, corporations, et al. (And always must be.) Another young man, also of the Movement, followed. I can't remember what he said. I was impressed by his cleverness, his articulate reproduction of Marx, and his total incomprehension of what life actually means to people without ideological visions or blinders.

By this time Revel must have become aware that he was in a theater of ideologies where his ideas were not even getting a walk-on part. They did not fit the play. "But I am a man of the

*Dissent, Power and Confrontation* (edited by Alexander Klein), based on these discussions, has just been published by McGraw-Hill.



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Left," he began to protest. Would he realize that to tell American intellectuals about anything hopeful in America —by whatever criterion—is to alarm and anger them?

Revel wrote his book to tell French intellectuals that America was not quite as bad as Jean-Paul Sartre, or Simone de Beauvoir, had fantasied. He did not anticipate that American intellectuals would indignantly defend their vested interest: it is much worse than anyone can possibly imagine.

Their interest used to be purely psychological. It now has become a career interest as well. Revel actually sees the "revolution"—the usual conglomerate of clichés, Rousseau to Marx—coming in America. A "man of the Left" in the French tradition, he also advocates it; so do his critics. But they want to be the leaders of it. How can they suffer gladly a Frenchman who does not realize how indispensable they are —and how eager—to liberate us from Mr. Nixon's fascist heel?

A recess was called as I reflected that M. Revel might be right in his hope—and that I would hate to see what he hoped for. But I felt too out of place to engage him in argument. He had enough with the attack from the "Left." The whole discussion would have to be shifted from revolution to reality—a shift I was sure the other participants could not accept. *Nunc dimittis, nunc dimittis, Domine, servum tuum.** I emerged into the street knowing how Alice felt as she went back through the Rabbit Hole. □

## OBSERVATIONS

ROBERT MOSES

# Professional Critics

The word books tell us that criticism is the art of making discriminating judgments. It is "a disinterested endeavor to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world." To provoke a constructive argument, I would like to draw a distinction between the dictionary critic and the professional critic, that is, between the discriminating observer and the professional faultfinder.

The critics have had a high old time with *Love Story* by Erich Segal. They damned it as "The Weeper." They derided it as banal, corny, sentimental slop, a return to Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and worse, and prophesied an early demise. On the other hand, the response of the public, weary of sophistication and pornography, and incidentally of critics, was overwhelmingly favorable and *Love Story* became an outstanding success.

THE URBAN SOPHISTICATES and their poll parrot, cocktail-party imitators sneer at simplistic sentimentalism and gleefully quote the critics. The professional boxer goes in for modified murder, the professional critic for literary mayhem and thinly disguised sadism. Many lady critics scold like fishwives without the saving grace of billingsgate, and the male contingent resemble the eunuchs in the seraglio, experts but not participants. Those who can, do. Those who can't, sneer.

To be sure, we are all dependent on a relatively few curious, inquisitive, analyzing, probing, fearless, unbiased, nagging Socratic minds. This is criticism in the best sense but not the destructive, acidulous, professional nitpicking and needling of little people who never have anything helpful or hopeful to report.

A good periodical must provide a guide to all the arts. Is the beauty intrinsic or merely in the eyes of the beholder? As to paintings, the skeptic wants to know how a portrait gets to be worth $5 million in a time of stringency and austerity. He asks how the experts know who fashioned it and with what, his temperament and tempera, whether the colors came from the chemist or the hen or foundry. Which of Picasso's current gals posed for him in his Blue Period? Did Bernard Berenson authenticate it? Did Lord Duveen vouch for its origin? What auctioneer hawked it?

I have admired Bernard Berenson as a promoter rather than a scholar. He was an astonishing old boy up there in his Florentine villa, I Tatti, surrounded by the images he exhumed and made valuable and almost priceless. He invented one of the most respected rackets in modern times, that of critic of critics and exquisite of exquisites in the fine arts whose imprimatur, plus skilful restoration, raised the price of a canvas or fresco from a few fins to millions. Berenson rose with the new rich whose museum endowments constitute their chief claim to immortality.

Suppose some intelligent editor with a sense of relative values and needs were genuinely concerned over the disposal of a huge sum for a single work by Velázquez on a director's say-so, supported by experts and critics, based primarily on the will of Isaac Fletcher, a banker, made in 1917, leaving a fund for purchase of art objects. Suppose the lawyer claimed that Mr. Fletcher, if he were living today, would not want his hard-earned simoleons spent on this portrait, took the question into court and asked the judges to rule that spending so much for one portrait was ridiculous in these times. He might not win, but he would raise a question that

would rattle the back teeth of the Berenson-Duveen school of art collecting and auctioneering, lower the market price of old masters and maybe in the end help art.

Wangling kudos and immortality by using public places to house dubious gifts is an old device. Consider the fantastic Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden on the Mall in Washington which links the Capitol, Washington Monument and Lincoln Memorial. A cross-axis extends from the White House to the Jefferson Memorial passing west of the Washington Monument. A third axis will house the Hirshhorn complex. The three immortals, Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, are to be joined by Hirshhorn, a speculator and socially ambitious millionaire art collector. A tomb costing the United States Government $15 million is to house the Joseph H. Hirsh-

*Let's get out of here.



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horn Museum and Sculpture Garden in perpetuity, to be maintained through the Smithsonian Institution. You don't grasp Hirshhorn's national significance? Say not so. You think he's a ringer? Perish the thought.

In all such doings involving the arts we must indeed have the word of critics. Jove with his bolts of lightning licks his Olympian chops and gives a young Hamlet a shock that will blow him right out of his buskins. Minerva with her serpent's tongue sharpens a venomous tooth and transfixes a budding Ophelia with a spiteful jab. As to the theater, the playwrights and their angels chew their nails to the quick at Sardi's, tremble at The Lambs and nervously sop up martinis at The Players as they wait the midnight verdict of the critics. And I think of the writers who pray that the weeklies and monthlies will be kinder than the *Times*, the *Post* and *Women's Wear Daily*.

Where is the line between a Socrates and a professional critic? Let me offer the name of that eighteenth-century giant of letters, Samuel Johnson, who was provocative, tough, informed, inquisitive, analytical, combative and brutally frank, but always constructive, always for the truth and nothing but the truth and never afraid to make an enemy. He used the hatchet and the the axe and let in light in a world of evasion. He tore the veil from surface cleverness, sham, hypocrisy, illogic and false imputations. He was, to be sure, sometimes wrongheaded, overbearing, grumpy, sarcastic and dogmatic about things he despised, but he was never vicious or fanatical about his dislikes and he often laughed at his own vehemence. He was no diplomat.

Samuel Johnson was critical but never a professional critic. If he thought an opponent was slick, suave, unreliable and irresponsible he did not say he was fertile in expedients or ingenious or just a little bit sinuous. If he found that a man was a congenital liar he did not say he was just a bit economical with the truth. He was a scholar, perhaps the greatest professional writer of standard English and surely the greatest talker of his time. He was a human tape recorder before there were stenographers, typewriters, phonographs and dictaphones and he was enormously fortunate in having Boswell by his side to mark, memorize and digest his observations. Johnson had little interest in malicious gossip, tidbits picked up by sycophants and waiters and passed on to the professional gossips of the day. He did not choose as companions the inquisitive as distinguished from the curious, and the foul-mouthed as distinguished from the funny. His humor was not subtle. He was not a dainty man. He was surely not charismatic, but after two centuries he looms up above his detractors like a colossus among pygmies. □

## EDUCATION

ROGER B. CANFIELD

# Monkey Movement

Two advances in higher education and research have come to my attention. A news item reports that chimpanzees in Oklahoma are now communicating by sign language, grunts, moans and screams. This development may be of great help in understanding the workings of the student mind. I have also learned of the findings of a multimillion-dollar study of student vocabularies. It seems the words "is," "was," and "the" are in high usage.

In short, we have discovered that the gap between monkey and man is narrowing in favor of the monkeys. There is a great need for American students to learn more meaningful and relevant forms of communication. Thanks to the work of encounter groups, some students are already learning to communicate their innermost feelings by grunts, screams and moans, thus breaking out of the sterile orientations of the students of the Fifties who seldom could be aroused to such heights of human expression. Tim Leary, an insightful student of the human mind, has pointed out the humanizing effects of mind-expanding drugs. The great depth of social concern of today's students has been lauded by the *New York Times*, the National Council of Churches and U Thant. These developments should not, however, obscure the peril of the language gap.

The case of the Oklahoma monkeys should awaken us, as did Sputnik, to a great national crisis. We need a reordering of our national priorities. William Buckley has reportedly said that he would rather give over the running of the country to the simians of the San Diego Zoo rather than to the first five hundred names in the Berkeley "look book." Paul McCloskey, who is against all forms of genocide or racism, weeps over the mistreatment of Aleutian seals. Surely reducing educational aid to Oklahoma monkeys might lead him to more drastic forms of communicative action? (Besides, he doesn't yet have a running mate.)

Others, some of them monkeys, will claim that humans are really chauvinist pigs. In fact, unless the social and economic conditions of simians behind bars are improved, they may revolt, as did humans at Attica State Prison. Governor Reagan has said, however, that he will provide whatever added security measures are required to prevent such a revolt at the San Diego Zoo.

In a typically unenlightened statement, Vice President Agnew has said he will not tolerate simian socialist syndicalism. Barry Goldwater wants to bomb them back into the Stone Age. Roman Hruska, believing that mediocrity has its place, is willing to support either a student or a chimpanzee as a candidate for the Supreme Court. He has thus cleverly thrown this hot potato into the hands of the President, who must avoid alienating either group. Edmund Muskie has said that he cannot realistically take either a student or a simian as a running mate. Birch Bayh will soon submit an amendment to expand the right to vote to monkeys in his bill for direct popular election of the President. He needs every vote he can get.

In the meantime, at a quiet meeting last week, students and chimps communicated well enough to form a seventh political party headed by Abbie Hoffman and Godzilla. The President is dusting off his old Checkers speech, but it may be too late to head off canine defections. Simians, born free and everywhere in chains, are uniting around the slogan, "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity." A new specter is haunting America. □

**Ernest van den Haag** *teaches at the New School and New York University, and is a psychoanalyst in private practice. . . .* **Robert Moses** *has been in public service since 1919, and has encountered much destructive criticism.*



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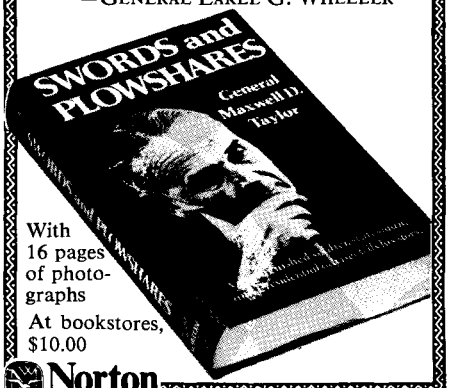


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## SZAMEK

(Continued from page 397)

And so the curtain fell. Since then all has been silence.

Here then is raised the most significant aspect of the matter. And that, of course, is its universality. We have all seen our own Newark State Colleges. If any single issue is to be considered upon which to rest this case, therefore, it must be the question of official instrumentality, used by official means, officially to destroy the truth. If a government—any government—dares assign to itself the right to refuse publicly to answer for its actions, and claims such right as a special mandated privilege of position, then the state creates around itself a self-assigned sanctification of privilege by exemption, and every freedom, guaranteed since the Magna Carta, is canceled. That the privilege is exercised in this case at the expense and in full view of our youth, whose mind and character are molded by example as much as by instruction, intensifies the wrong.

The Chancellor of Higher Education of the State of New Jersey was asked to conduct a full and open investigation of charges openly presented to him. He refused. Yet, as a public official sworn to institute, uphold and encourage high standards, that is his obligation. Instead, he suggested that if violation of constitutional rights is suspected, legal action should be taken. This is a classic bureaucratic maneuver. Tell a politician that highways are dangerously cracked because of faulty cement, and he will counter by suggesting legal action against the rubber companies for poorly constructed tires.

Can men in positions of public authority endowed with all-consuming power—national or local—act together, in secrecy, silence and shadow? It is this issue which, in one way or another, affects every moral problem of the day. What is truth?

Because there are so many, and such strange, sides to this curious affair, it must be admitted that these words are not meant for the readers of this article alone. They are intended for the eye and the attention of the Governor of New Jersey, as well. Perhaps if those who believe that there is a difference between right and wrong—say, students throughout the nation—would bombard Governor Cahill's office with the question, there might be an answer. The question is simple. It is this. What is the truth in the Pierre Szamek case? ☐

## NICOLAIDES

(Continued from page 398)

sovereign state of Taiwan, Buckley suggests, the consequences of these deadly premises can be avoided.

It sounds good. But realistically, would it help? Would the Red Chinese renounce their claim to Taiwan because of any such declaration? Would they be any less inclined to pursue a takeover? Of course not. In fact, they would gloat that the declaration proves what they have contended all along, that the "Kuomintang clique" is a discredited, illegitimate regime that is trying to divide China, a tool of Japanese and American industrial interests, etc.

If the major thrust of current American foreign policy is to draw closer to Peking, to increase our "dialogue," to "normalize" relations, how would we respond to a Taiwanese declaration of independence?

If we granted recognition to the "newly independent government" we would infuriate the Red Chinese into apoplectic outbursts. They could now accuse us of going back on our solemn affirmation that Taiwan is an integral part of China. They might refreeze the thaw overnight.

The question is, would the architects of our current policy of détente accept such consequences? Is it not more likely that they would point out that our defense treaty was signed with the Republic of China and no longer applied to this new independent government. They might call for a review of the whole question.

Meanwhile, other nations that still recognize the Nationalist government might also use this change and the U.S. hesitation as a pretext to recognize Peking, now the only government claiming to be the government of China. And, of course, the condition which Peking would place on such recognition would be acceptance of its claim to Taiwan and rejection of relations with the "separatist, self-discredited Kuomintang clique."

No, Nationalist China has been damaged enough by others. There is no reason why it should now be encouraged to inflict a wound on itself by downgrading its own status in the world.

It is understandable that Mr. Buckley should seek a remedy. But this is not it. A Taiwanese declaration of independence would be merely a novel and fatal form of acupuncture: asking the patient to thrust a needle through his own heart. ☐



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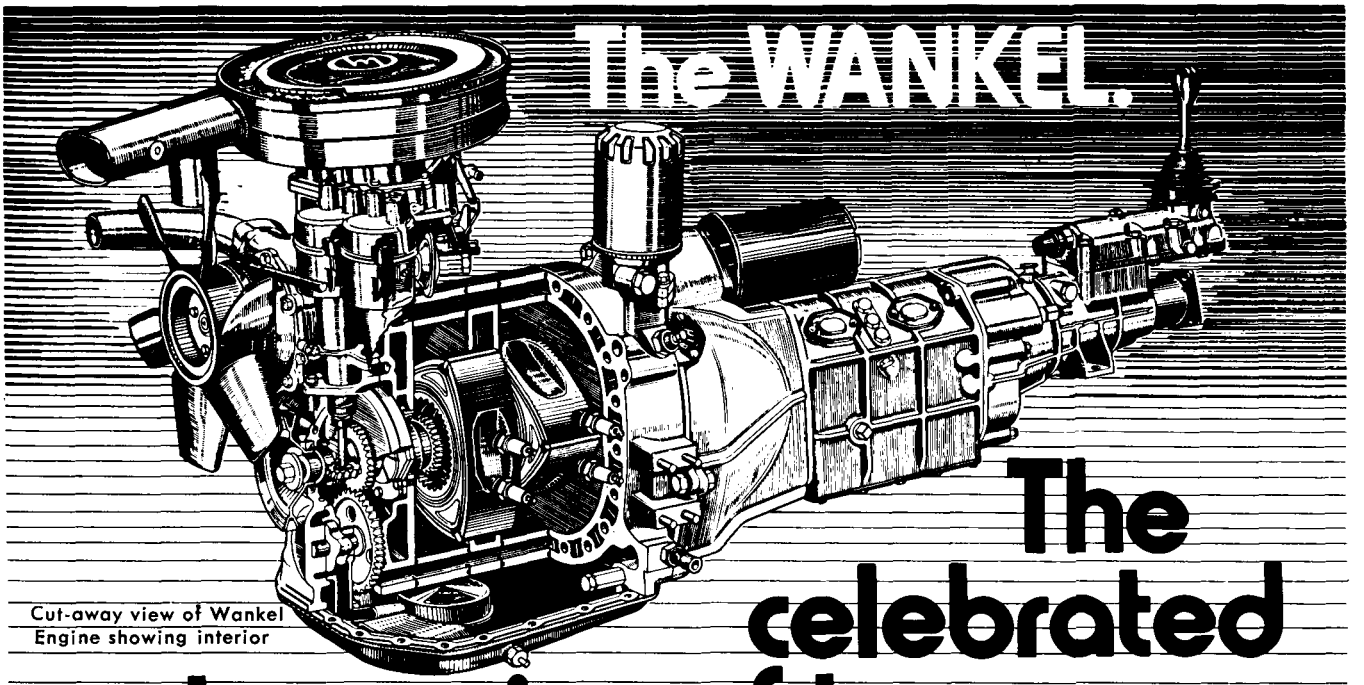


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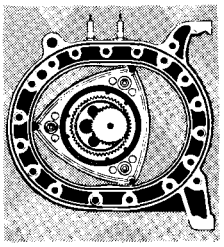

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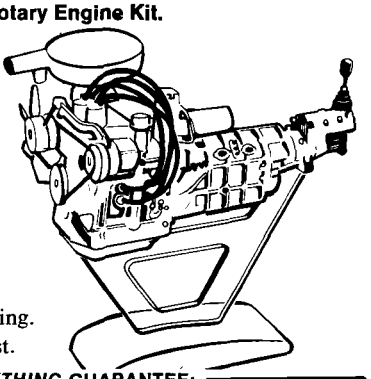

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## LETTERS

(Continued from page 376)

strike, you concede to liberalism a victory that it could not have won on its own.

The solution to systemic strikes is the same as the solution to the rest of our problems with unions: Repeal the coercive aspects of the labor laws and use police to prevent unions from committing violence against strikebreakers. Then, when vital services are interrupted by a strike, substitutes could be hired on a temporary basis to keep the wheels turning.

STEVE KLEIN
*Sudbury, Mass.* ROBERT SOMERS

### Mrs. Nixon's Dancing

I am deeply offended by your derisive reference to our lovely and gracious First Lady as "swivel-hips Nixon" ["The Week," Feb. 4]. I would have thought NATIONAL REVIEW, of all publications, would have better taste than to speak in such a manner of a lady who fully deserves our respect, both for herself and for her position.

*Somerville, Mass.* HARRIET HERRITON

*The phrase was not intended to be derisive; it merely referred to Mrs. Nixon's taking part in the tribal dances in Ghana. We apologize for the misunderstanding.*
—ED.

### The Reserve Clause

There is a nonsequitur in your editorial on baseball ["The Week," Feb. 4]. First, you assumed that the rich baseball clubs would want to get all the good players, which is probably an unrealistic assumption—but more of that later. Let's take your assumption as true. Surely what follows is that the rich clubs will get all the good players, either in a free market or in a market with the reserve clause. Why? Because the reserve clause doesn't prevent a club from buying up all the good players. All it does is change the entity which sells the good players. That is, rather than the player selling his services and receiving the full value of his services, the player's former team sells his services and receives the full value. Thus, the reserve clause is not an instrument for equalization, but an instrument for "exploitation," that is, the player does not receive his marginal product.

However, as I stated earlier, the assumption that one team wants to get all the best players is unrealistic. If one club had all the good players, then it would win all of its games by wide margins. Because of the resulting boredom, attendance at games would fall, revenues would fall, and profits would fall. It would be more realistic to assume that club owners want to maximize profits. They would do this by acquiring a team which was close in ability to other teams, so that the scores of games would be closer, attendance would be higher, and revenues would be higher.

*London, Ont.* DAVID HENDERSON

### Rippers-off Beware!

Regarding Donald Hebert's "how-to-do-it" article on "ripping off" cab companies ["Apologies of a Dishonest Cab Driver," Feb. 4], I say unto you, let prospective rippers-off beware! My problem was how to keep the cab company, Yellow Cab of Philadelphia, from "ripping off" ME.

The cab company gets 52 per cent of what the meter reads, regardless of whether or not the driver is able to collect the fare or loses money in a holdup. Should there be a discrepancy, the driver must make up the difference from his own pocket. Maybe my first mistake was being honest, but here's what the company got from me: 1) roughly $30 in unpaid cab fares, including $7 from an escaped mental patient who looked perfectly normal until I asked her for her fare, and $8 from a senile runaway from a nursing home; 2) $14 from the first holdup; and 3) $8 plus a $6.40 cab fare, in the second holdup (should there be a lingering doubt in anyone's mind, holdup men not only take money from cabdrivers, they invariably neglect to pay their fare, as well). This, in approximately a hundred shifts, average seven hours apiece! "The man" was damn good to me, though; I got back 48 per cent, less taxes.

*Philadelphia, Pa.* NAME WITHHELD


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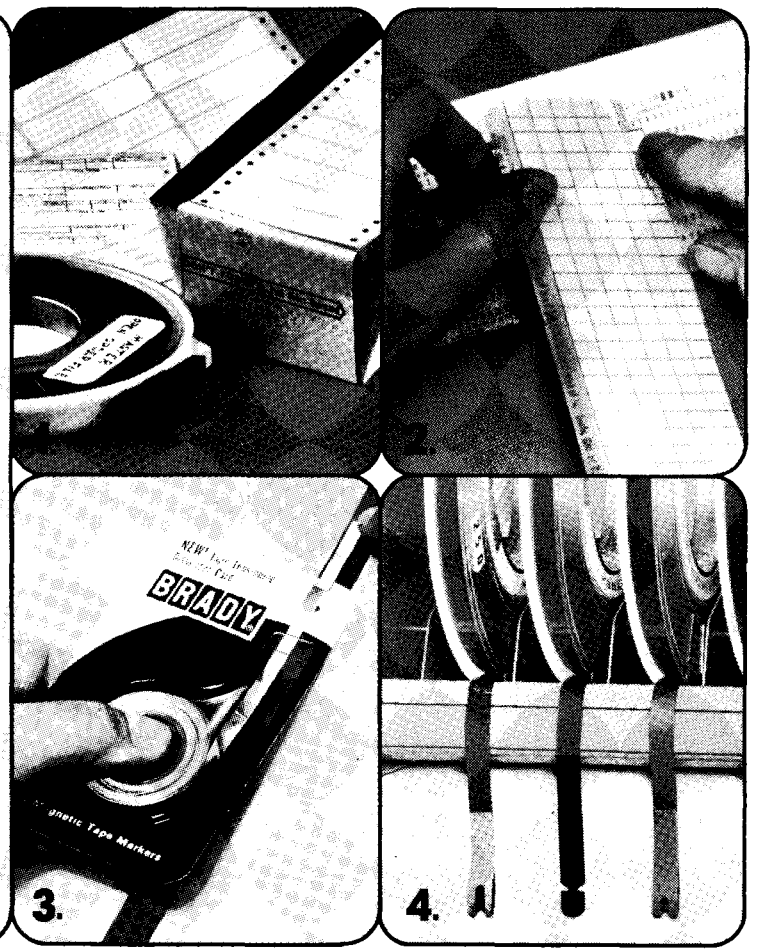





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## BURNHAM

(Continued from page 391)

as the most informing name for the global struggle whose prime objective they understood to be the West's destruction. (Russia, he has insisted in an illuminating distinction, is not Western, only Westernized.) His own Viennese origin together with his present citizenship and official post illustrates his consistent teaching that the existence and survival of the West in our time is impossible without the close spiritual and moral as well as political and strategic links between Europe and America. ("How much simpler this Indian Ocean business would be," he said one evening, reminiscing about his Ceylon mission, "if it were handled as a *Western* problem.")

His appointment to Brussels, which after five months managed to get past Fulbright at the gate, is astonishingly apt, and may prove a good deal more productive than is possible in the conventional assignments of professionals or big campaign contributors. The fact that Robert Strausz-Hupé is the most charming of men should not prove too great a disadvantage for an ambassador. □


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On The Right

# Vive la Difference

*Gstaad*, March 20—In the aftermath of the Peking Summit the distinction-crushers are hard at work insisting that after all, what is the difference between having affable social relations with the governors of China, and having affable social relations with the governors of Taiwan, Spain and Greece? One has the feeling that some of the people who make the comparisons really do not know the difference, unlike those others who are merely polemical opportunists. A gentleman who broadcasts from Long Island, to give an example, amused himself at the surprise expressed by some of us over the enthusiasm with which Mr. Nixon threw himself into the business of toasting the person of Mao Tse-tung. Here is how he put it. Why be "appalled at the sight of the President drinking toasts and exchanging civilities with the despotic rulers of Red China?" Because of the "embarrassment [caused to] our friendly client despots on Taiwan?" As if Mao and Chou weren't "the moral equals of Franco, Papadopoulos and other dictators toasted and praised on their own home grounds last October by Vice President Agnew."

And of course for years now it has been chic to refer to the "so-called free world," the idea being that much of the world on this side of the Iron Curtain is no more free than the world on the other side of the Iron Curtain. The gentlemen who slur the distinction spend, on the whole, not enough time . . . thinking.

In Taiwan, in Greece and in Spain a human being can: 1) practice his religion, 2) quit his job, 3) join a labor union, 4) leave the country, 5) travel within the country where he wants to, 6) enter into contracts, whether to buy or sell a loaf of bread, exchange a piece of land or provide a personal service. 7) What he owns is his. 8) He is free to buy all but a very few books, and in fact he can get these by the mildest exertions. 9) He may say anything he wants to say: except that he cannot attempt to bring down the government—he has no political freedom.

In China, you may not practice a religion, you may not change your job without permission of the state, there are no labor unions to join, you cannot leave the country, or travel within your country except by special permission. You may not engage in contracts except by leave of the state, which owns all your services. You may not own property, outside the toothbrush category. You will find to read only accepted works of Communist theology. You may not criticize the state nor, obviously, attempt to bring down the government. At a positive level, you are required to submit to hours of instruction every week in the state religion, to fawn on its leaders, dogmas, rituals, and hope (but not pray) that you will find yourself aligned with the winning faction during civil uprisings.

There should be differences enough there to be visible to most people. To be sure, Mr. Nixon has not greatly helped. His perfunctory references to our "different systems" make him sound as though Americans like calico, while the Chinese Communists like gingham. Still, people who influence opinion ought always to distinguish between the despot and the totalitarian. Papadopoulos is a despot. Mao is a totalitarian, which is a state advanced from the tyranny about which political philosophers have written from the beginning of time. Papadopoulos did not take power in order to tyrannize. He took it, as Franco did, in an intractable social and parliamentary situation. That they haven't yielded more of their power is either a discredit to their integrity, or a tribute to their perspicacity (closer to the former, I judge, than to the latter). J. S. Mill taught that under certain "conditions of society . . . a vigorous despotism is in itself the best mode of government for training the people in what is specifically wanting to render them capable of a higher civilization." But only "provided the end be their improvement," which is to say their introduction to liberty. Such liberty as is despised by name by the Communists, who seek explicitly to crush it wherever it raises its head, as for instance in Czechoslovakia. That is the difference. □

## SOME AFTERTHOUGHTS

*Gstaad*, March 22 — A report has been broadcast about my behavior in China which I hasten to explain, having only just now got wind of it from a correspondent who reproaches me for my "bad manners." And well might she have done so if the facts were as she understood them.

A day or so before leaving Peking (for other parts of China), members of the press were informed that a gift from the government of China awaited each one of us in the White House press office. Thither I repaired in due course to find one-half of the room taken up with what looked like huge individual picnic boxes. I was handed mine, opened it, and examined two pretty, large, Chinese-style vases, made out of metal, and packed in a box approximately the size of Webster's Third Unabridged Dictionary.

It becomes important, for this narrative, to take the time to give out personal information. We were permitted, in China, a single suitcase, plus whatever you could carry on your person. One suitcase is not a lot of space, when you allow, e.g., for all the medicines your wife has provided you after extracting a pledge that you will not under any circumstances submit to acupuncture. Mine was so tightly packed that I had to have help in zipping it shut. On my person I carried a large briefcase with assorted materials, a second briefcase of books and material on China, a camera case with film and binoculars, and a heavy indestructible portable typewriter.

The vases would not have had a chance of making their way into my suitcase, and I would not have been able to wobble out of the hotel if I had had one extra large package to handle. So . . . I endeavored to "lose" my gift, and precisely the point I want to make is that I went to extraordinary lengths not to hurt the feelings of my hosts. I therefore checked the package in the hotel baggage room, and left the red plastic check in my shirt, intending there to forget it forever. No such luck. The next day, a Chinese official from



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the hotel presented me with the red check, salvaged from the laundry. So I put the check in my overcoat pocket and forgot about it. At thirty minutes past midnight, in the press bus headed for the airport, a greatly disturbed Chinese found me in the dark surrounded by my paraphernalia, and advised me excitedly that I had neglected to reclaim a package from the baggage room. How he, or anyone else, knew that the package belonged to me I cannot fathom, having stripped the box of the little card designating it as mine.

In any case, I feigned great horror at my addlepatedness, rushed out to the baggage room, retrieved the package and returned to the bus, to the considerable amusement of my companions, to each of whom I offered the vases should they have room for them, but no one did. So I sneaked furtively to the furthest corner of the bus and slid the package in a corner of it which I felt certain was only examined once a year in broad daylight. You are correct in anticipating the sequel. The plane was about to take off when an official with a box of vases in his hands strode down the aisle, presented me with the package which, he said, must have accidentally slid under the seat while I rode in the bus.

How I finally got rid of the vases is a secret I shall not disclose, except to correspondents headed for China with a limit of one suitcase each.

To clinch the point—that I would not precisely as a matter of principle refuse a perfunctory gift from any host—there was the last night in China. It was just before two in the morning after a very long day—you remember, the day that ended with the loss of Taiwan—and Joe Kraft and I were dozing off, I remember asking him sleepily which was the Hanseatic League—when suddenly there was a stentorian knock on the door and Kraft, groaning, got out of bed, expecting yet one more cable from Washington, asking for a thousand words on the evening's banquet, or whatever. But it was two officials, each one of them bearing an enormous package, like Carmen Miranda's hat box, a gift for each of us from the Revolutionary Council of Shanghai. We were lucky. Some of the boys got theirs delivered at 3:30. The packages were Chinese candy. This was our last airtrip, so we could load onto our Pan Am 707 anything we wanted, and that candy is now in New York, gainsaying the report that I would refuse a gift from China.

Candy, I should remark, is a staple in China, and a little saucerful of it, along with hot water, tea leaves and fruit, is in every hotel room. When the Reuters correspondent, not thinking that it would substantially violate the restriction against any news being given out about the impending visit of Mr. Nixon before his actual arrival, cabled London a small item about two U.S. satellite technicians who had contracted pneumonia and were flown to Hong Kong, the Revolutionary Council met to discuss appropriate disciplinary measures against him. For 48 hours, no candy was put in his hotel room. □

## SUSPENSION OF THE STORMONT

*London*, March 28—For all that they are groaning about it, it isn't absolutely obvious that the responsible leaders of Ulster are all that much appalled by the dramatic decision of the government of Edward Heath to suspend the Stormont. The diehards (curiously, they are called by the London press the "right-wingers") have announced a national strike, have sworn that there will be a great backlash against Westminster, but their protests are somehow hollow. It is, after all, difficult for representatives of a people who swear eternal ties to England to take offense at England's decision to take over directly the executive and legislative functions.

In the Republic, there is considerable jubilation. Prime Minister Jack Lynch instantly announced that he was instructing his ambassador to return to Westminster, in recognition of London's suspension of the parliamentary body, which, over the years, has been most directly involved in suppressing the rights and ignoring the interests of the Catholic minority. There are those who feel that Heath succumbed to pressure—that in effect he rewards the IRA for their bombings and their mayhem by moving in the direction the IRA presumably favors, the direction of lessening the influence of the Orangemen. Even so, Heath did the reasonable thing—advocated, by the way, in this column in the summer of 1970, after a visit to Ulster which suggested that the Catholic minority indeed continue to fear Stormont, but have considerable faith in Westminster. Not for any a historic reasons—Westminster has been to Irish freedom over the centuries what the jailer is to the inmate. But Westminster is not nowadays disposed to act as an instrument of oppression.

What upsets the Orangemen is all the talk of plebiscites. Under the terms of the instrument of Irish partition, Northern Ireland cannot secede from Britain except by vote of its own parliament. In the absence of a parliament, one assumes that the vote would be that of the people, who are two-thirds Protestant. But the mere mention of plebiscite suggests to some Orangemen that unification might lie ahead, which it surely does if during the next period of time the majority of the Northern Irish should decide that it is better to fall in with the South than to live a life of perpetual terror uncontrollable by the British army. That, predictably, is the kind of thing the Reverend Ian Paisley and other firebrands talked about over the weekend, and the size and strength of the general strike will suggest how effective they have been in organizing the fears of the Protestants.

Meanwhile there are those, Miss Bernadette Devlin most conspicuous among them, who more or less yawn at the political developments, so convinced are they that the real trouble in Ireland is economic and social. Miss Devlin, a charming and resourceful economic illiterate, explains everything in terms of the Vested Interests, much as American adolescents explain the Vietnamese war in terms of U.S. anxiety to establish economic bases in South Vietnam. Miss Devlin will tell you that the reason why the English army took any interest at all in Northern Ireland is the pressures there from the oppressed Catholics, in conjunction with complementary pressures in the South, were a prospective threat to the stability of the British pound. While she is at it, she will tell you there is unemployment in Great Britain because the vested interests desire unemployment in order to make a profit. You will probably not get the opportunity to ask her why it is that unemployment produces profits, inasmuch as profit is something that comes from production, and unemployment lessens production—never mind, Marx is happily asleep, and one doesn't want to intrude on the reverie.

But it is true that the IRA, which was once an exclusively nationalist organization, is now pretty much the creature of wild revolutionaries of the kind that feed off the superstitions of socialism. It is by no means impossible that the IRA will become more assertive in the Republic, forcing through a series of "reforms" such as have never failed to impoverish any nation in the world that has tried them. It would be ironic if, a certain order having finally returned to Northern Ireland, a new politics in the South would cause a northward migration, say five or six years from now. That could mean a more nearly balanced Protestant-Catholic population in the North which would break the Protestant deadlock, and cast the entire Irish question into a new light. □

**(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)**



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# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

A. An item fitted on a vehicle which discharges counter to the direction of flight, retarding forward motion — 153 2 13 104 121 138 179 201 214 222 / 130 150 165

B. Adhesion between a participate and a soluble substance, or a gas and metal — 157 78 133 218 36 209 9 223 22

C. Feelings of being completely detached from the earth and human race experienced by pilots flying at high altitudes — 198 41 154 54 184 166 215 73 101 113 / 131 140 156 193 200 221 226

D. Unscramble WET SLEIGHS — 42 11 51 57 64 81 96 99 100 183

E. A device which initiates or controls the operation of a mechanism or system — 45 155 86 171 118 132 191 180

F. Radio detection and ranging + a woman sailor + racing measurements — 75 80 15 20 82 142 148 187 203 211 / 217 24 53 151 58 44

G. The stage in missilery in which the missile is visualized and its performance anticipated — 84 18 149 28 59 224 136 3 74 94 / 213

H. A device for measururing and recording distance traveled — 108 146 128 227 126 116 35 206

I. Nuclear engine for rocket vehicle application — 14 40 31 17 43

J. A rocket or jet-powered vehicle which can be used to try out a subsystem or some technique which may be later applied to a weapon system — 115 30 38 46 202 228 98 188 63 124 / 139

K. A thermodynamic property which is calculated as the sum of a substance's or system's internal energy + the product of its pressure and volume — 147 34 23 97 67 87 107 112 159 172 / 208

L. The aggregate of all the conditions and influences which affect any given object — 175 21 27 56 91 134 189 5 76 88 / 109

M. The energy released by the detonation of a nuclear weapon — 190 1 106 170 178 114 204 60 66 79 / 145 160

N. Panels or extensions on a missile stage so placed that another stage can be added to the missile — 194 50 68 117 141 181 174 199 216 6 / 127 167

O. A waterfall in California — 4 71 85 93 12 25 39 48

P. Occupied — 205 89 196 210 26 120 102 111

Q. A nonrotating device for producing an alternate current — 212 7 70 220 69 158 207 33 197 119

R. Equivalent in effect — 29 16 37 47 90 19 137 144 195 61

S. An island near where the Equator crosses the International Date Line — 55 169 192 225 32 72 161

T. Comfortably established — 62 77 8 122 162 49 129 110 177

U. Worldly — 135 123 65 176 103 52 185

V. An athletic field of a certain shape — 143 219 125 10

W. Is in debt — 152 163 83 92

X. This began in 1933—will it ever end? — 164 105 168 173 182 95 186

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 422 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | 1 M | 2 A | 3 G | 4 O | ■ | 5 L | 6 N | 7 Q | 8 T | 9 B | 10 V | 11 D | 12 O | 13 A | 14 I | ■ |
| 15 F | 16 R | 17 I | 18 G | ■ | 19 R | 20 F | 21 L | 22 B | ■ | 23 K | 24 F | ■ | 25 O | 26 P | 27 L | 28 G | 29 R | 30 J | 31 I |
| 32 S | 33 Q | 34 K | ■ | 35 H | 36 B | 37 R | 38 J | 39 O | 40 I | 41 C | ■ | 42 D | 43 I | 44 F | ■ | 45 E | 46 J | 47 R | 48 O |
| 49 T | 50 N | 51 D | 52 U | 53 F | ■ | 54 C | ■ | 55 S | 56 L | 57 D | 58 F | 59 G | 60 M | ■ | 61 R | 62 T | 63 J | 64 D | 65 U |
| 66 M | 67 K | 68 N | 69 Q | ■ | 70 Q | 71 O | 72 S | 73 C | 74 G | 75 F | 76 L | 77 T | 78 B | 79 M | ■ | 80 F | 81 D | ■ | 82 F |
| 83 W | 84 G | 85 O | 86 E | 87 K | 88 L | 89 P | ■ | 90 R | 91 L | 92 W | 93 O | 94 G | 95 X | 96 D | ■ | 97 K | 98 J | 99 D | ■ |
| 100D | 101C | 102P | 103U | 104A | 105X | 106M | ■ | 107K | 108H | 109L | 110T | 111P | ■ | 112K | 113C | 114M | 115J | ■ | 116H |
| ■ | 117N | 118E | 119Q | 120P | 121A | 122T | 123U | 124J | 125V | 126H | ■ | 127N | 128H | 129T | 130A | 131C | 132E | ■ | 133B |
| 134L | 135U | 136G | 137R | 138A | 139J | 140C | 141N | ■ | 142F | 143V | 144R | 145M | 146H | ■ | 147K | 148F | 149G | 150A | ■ |
| 151F | 152W | ■ | 153A | 154C | ■ | 155E | 156C | 157B | 158Q | 159K | 160M | ■ | 161S | 162T | 163W | 164X | ■ | 165A | 166C |
| ■ | 167N | 168X | 169S | ■ | 170M | 171E | 172K | 173X | 174N | 175L | 176U | ■ | 177T | 178M | 179A | 180E | 181N | 182X | 183D |
| ■ | 184C | 185U | 186X | 187F | 188J | 189L | ■ | 190M | 191E | 192S | ■ | 193C | 194N | 195R | 196P | ■ | 197Q | 198C | 199N |
| 200C | 201A | 202J | 203F | 204M | ■ | 205P | 206H | 207Q | 208K | 209B | ■ | 210P | ■ | 211F | 212Q | 213G | ■ | 214A | 215C |
| ■ | 216N | 217F | 218B | 219V | 220Q | 221C | ■ | 222A | 223B | 224G | 225S | 226C | 227H | 228J | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |



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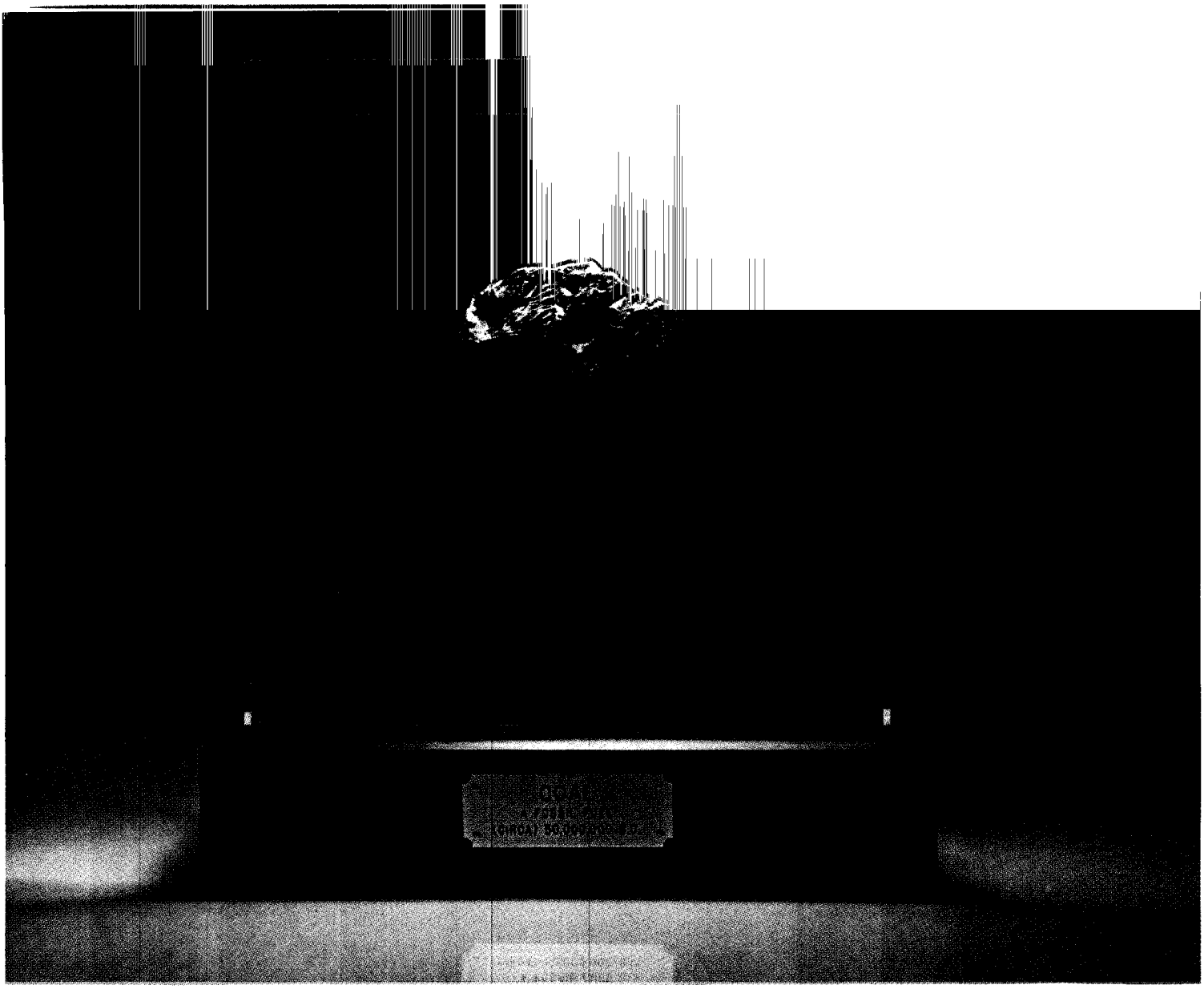

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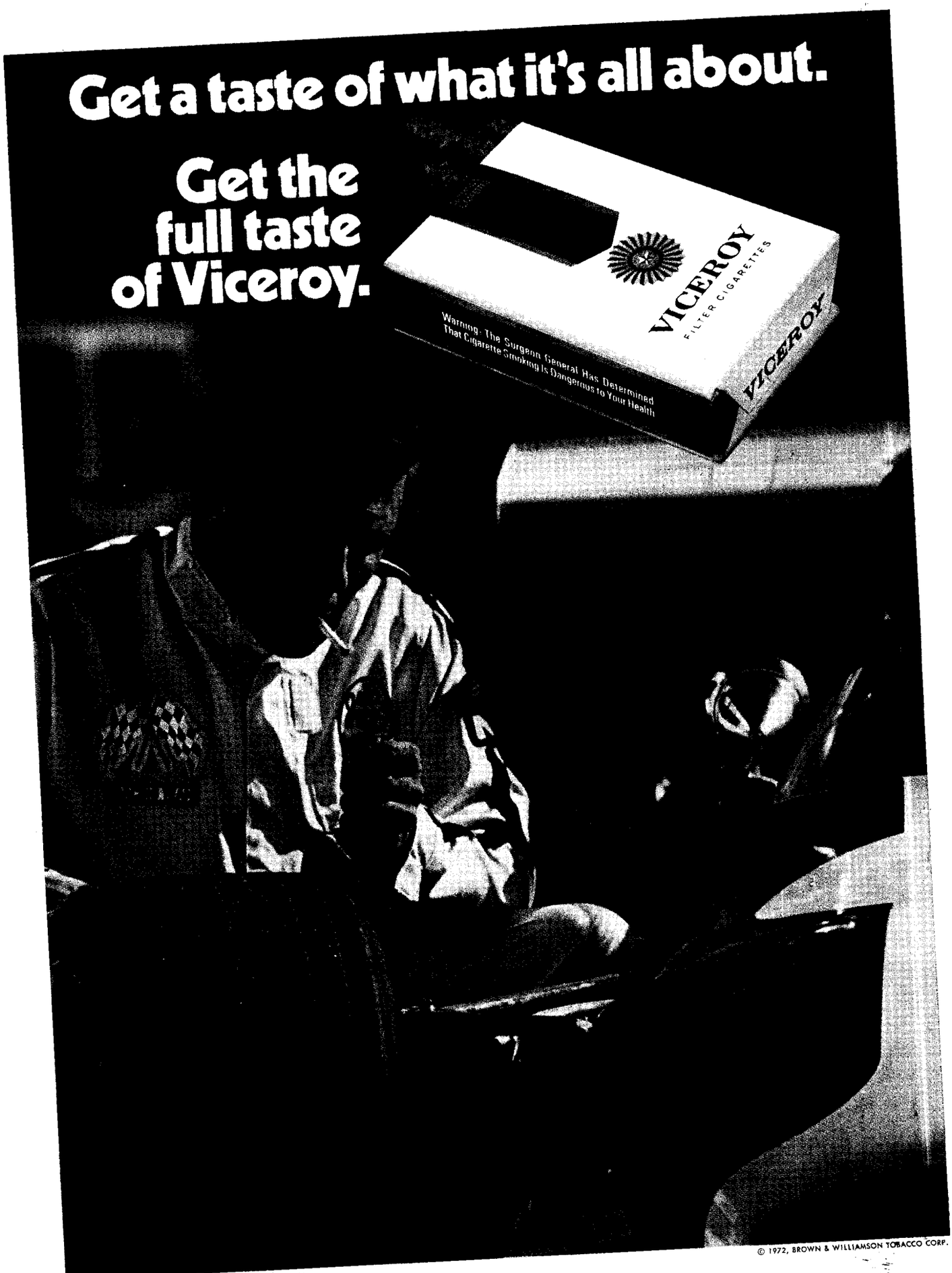
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